

HEIDELBERG VAT; OR, THE GREAT TUN OF HEIDELBERG.

MANY of our readers have, doubtless, made an excursion from the Rhine to the beautiful city of Heidelberg-on-the-Neckar. Our object is not to sing the beauties of the scene, but to introduce the regular sight-seer to one of the greatest curiosities of the castle. But our inquisitive countryman, Master Thomas Coryat, who visited this city about two hundred and fifty years ago, is so eloquent in his praises of "The Great Tun," that we cannot do better than extract his eulogy.

"For it is the most remarkable and famous thing of that kinde that I saw in my whole journey: yea, so memorable a matter, that I thinke there was never the like fabrick (for that which they showed me was nothing else than a strange kinde of fabrick) in all the world, and I doubt whether posterity will ever frame so monstrously large a thing: it was nothing but a vessel full of wine, which the gentlemen of the court showed me after they had first conveyed me in into divers wine-cellars, where I saw a wondrous company of extraordinary great vessels, the greatest part whereof was replenished with Rhenish wine, the totall number containing 130 particulars. But the maine vessell above all the rest, that superlative moles (or mass) unto which I now bend my speech, was showed me last of all, standing alone by itself in a wonderfull vaste room. For it is a stupendious masse (to give it the same epithem that I have done before to the beauty of St. Mark's street, in Venice) that I am persuaded it will affect the greatest and constantest man in the world with wonder. Had this fabrick been extant in those ancient times when the Colossus of Rhodes, the labyrinths of Egypt and Creta, the temple of Diana at Ephesus, the hanging gardens of Semiramis, the tombe of Mausoleus, and the rest of these decantated miracles did flourish in their principall glory, I thinke

Herodotus and Diodorus Siculus would have celebrated this rare worke with their learned stile as well as the rest, and have consecrated the memory thereof to immortality, as a very memorable miracle. For indeed it is a kinde of monstrous miracle, and that of the greatest size for a vessell that this age doth yield in any place whatsoever (as I am verily perswaded) under the cope of Heaven. Pardon me, I pray thee, gentle reader, if I am something tedious in discoursing of this huge vessell; for as it was the strangest spectacle that I saw in my travells, so I hope it will not be unpleasant unto thee, to read a full description of all the circumstances thereof; and for thy better satisfaction I have inserted a true figure thereof in this place (though but in a small forme) according to a certain patterne that I brought with me from the city of Frankford, where I saw the first type thereof sold. Also I have added an imaginary kinde of representation of myself upon the toppe of the same, in that manner as I stood there with a cup of Rhenish wine in my hand. The room where it standeth is wonderful vast (as I said before) and capacious even almost as bigge as the fairest hall I have seene in England, and it containeth no other thing but the same vessell. It was begunne in the year 1589, and ended in the year 1591, one Michael Werner, of the city of Laudacia, being the principall maker of the work." We learn from the same authority, that this "wonderfull moles" measures sixteen feet high (diameter), and at the belly eighteen. The proportions of this curiosity of Heidelberg are small compared with the monstrous vats of the London Breweries of our times; it is, however, strictly speaking, not a vat, but a cask, or tun, and in this latter capacity, we suppose, may still rank as the largest of its kind.—*Pictorial World*.

From Notes and Queries.

SIR THOMAS BROWN AND BISHOP KEN.

WHAT your correspondent J. H. MARKLAND calls "A Midnight Hymn," by Sir Thomas Browne, is evidently "An Evening Hymn;" and the coincidence between that and Bishop Ken's well-known hymn was pointed out by James Montgomery of Sheffield, in his "Christian Poets" (12mo., 1827), one of the volumes of *Select Christian Authors*, published by Collins of Glasgow. As your correspondent has not given the whole of Sir Thomas Browne's lines, and as those he has given are not in their own proper order, I may perhaps crave space for a complete transcript, with Montgomery's prefatory remarks.

Having name two of Sir Thos. Browne's works he proceeds:—

In the former [*Religio Medici*] we find the following lines, curious in themselves, but more so as apparently containing the general ideas of Bishop Ken's "Evening Hymn." They are thus introduced, in the author's quaint but impressive manner. Speaking of sleep, he says, "It is that death by which we may be said to die daily; a death which Adam died before his mortality; a death whereby we live a middle and moderating point between life and death: in fine, so like death, I dare not trust it without my prayers, and a half adieu unto the world, and take my farewell in

"A Colloquy with God.

"The night is come. Like to the day,

Depart not Thou, great God, away.
 Let not my sins, black as the night,
 Eclipse the lustre of Thy light.
 Keep still in my horizon, for to me
 The sun makes not the day, but Thee.
 Thou, whose nature cannot sleep,
 On my temples sentry keep.
 Guard me 'gainst those watchful foes,
 Whose eyes are open while mine close.
 Let no dreams my head infest,
 But such as Jacob's temples blest.
 While I do rest, my soul advance.
 Make my sleep a holy trance,
 That I may, my rest being wrought,
 Awake unto some holy thought,
 And with as active vigor run
 My course, as doth the nimble sun.
 Sleep is a death. O! make me try,
 By sleeping, what it is to die;
 And as gently lay my head
 On my grave as now my bed.
 Howe'er I rest, great God, let me
 Awake again, at last with Thee;
 And, thus assur'd, behold, I lie
 Securely, or to wake or die.
 These are my drowsie days. In vain
 I do now wake to sleep again.
 O! come sweet hour, when I shall never
 Sleep again, but wake for ever!"

H. MARTIN.

Halifax.

Your esteemed correspondent J. H. MARKLAND, in his communication concerning good Bishop Ken, copies part of his midnight hymn as a parallel to that by Sir Thomas Browne (*Religio Medici*, p. 107, edit. 1659.) The following paraphrase of both these beautiful effusions has long been handed about in MS., and is now sent for preservation in your columns. It was written about 1750 by the Rev. Thomas Gibbons, D. D., but is not to be found in the collection of his poems published in that year.

"Lord! while the darkness reigns abroad,
 Shine thou on me a present God!
 Still, still be with me, for thy ray,
 And not the sun, creates my day.
 Oh thou whose nature doth not sleep,
 Thy sentry at my pillow keep!
 And guard me from those numerous foes,
 That wait to trouble my repose!
 If dreams should mingle with my rest,
 Let them be such as Jacob blest;
 Such as may my best good advance,
 And make my sleep a heavenly trance.
 That, when its silken bonds I break,
 In holy transports I may wake.
 Sleep is a death: then let me try
 By sleeping what it is to die;
 That I as pleased may lay my head
 On the grave's couch as on my bed.
 This is a drowsy state, where night
 Holds a divided reign with light.
 I sleep—awake—I sleep again;
 Amused—beguiled with visions vain.
 O come that hour, that morning break,
 When I from death to life shall wake.
 When, freed from this immuring cell,
 And bidding this dark world farewell,
 I to the heavens shall wing my way;
 And from the heights of endless day,
 Look down on this terrestrial ball,
 At home with God, my life, my all!"

EVIL EYES ON NICHOLAS.

"As melts this effigy away,
 And as I thrust this image through,
 So may my enemy decay,
 And Death's sharp arrows pierce him too."

Thus Malice mumbled o'er her spell
 And, as the wax was pricked and ran,
 So, Witchcraft's ghastly legends tell,
 Transfixed with pains, declined the man.

DE MOLAY, writhing in the flame,
 Called Pope and Sovereign to appear
 With him at judgment—and they came—
 Both died at least within the year.

The laws of Sympathy are dark.
 'Tis said that Human Will hath fire
 Which flashes farther than the spark
 Can fly upon the speaking wire.

Without a charm, or magic verse,
 The rays of Hate may dart so far,
 That some one's bitter, deadly curse
 A tyrant may have strength to mar.

The death-look of a wounded hare
 It is not pleasant to abide,
 Conceive, then, CZAR, the dying glare
 Of victims crushed to glut thy pride.

'Mongst all those rays of horrid light
 Aloft in fearful torment cast,
 Will Heaven reflect not one to smite
 Thee, NICHOLAS, old wretch, at last?

Punch.

THE FORTHCOMING ARCHITECTURAL EXHIBITION IN GLASGOW. — The principal object aimed at in the proposed exhibition is the improvement of the taste of the citizens of Glasgow, by bringing under their notice the productions of artists and manufacturers of different countries, and the illustration of the progress and improvement in art-manufacture which has taken place of late years. It is intended to illustrate these by exhibiting the past and present state of home and foreign art-manufacture by means of pictures, drawings, sculpture, photographs, casts, and models, and specimens of artistical articles of house-decoration in furniture and otherwise. The architects of the city and their friends have shown their sincerity in the prosecution of this most laudable object by purchasing and fitting up, at their own cost, a commodious building for the purposes of the exhibition, in Bath Street; and at the same time, members of the Committee are, at present, on the Continent selecting works of art and architectural specimens for the approaching exhibition. All this, however, will incur considerable outlay; and we trust, therefore, that our liberal-minded citizens will lend assistance both by general patronage and pecuniary contribution. We have no doubt that this exhibition will elevate the public taste as regards works of art, and that its effects will be permanently and beneficially felt.—*North British Mail*.

From The Edinburgh Review.

1. *Report of the Superintendent of the Census for December 1, 1852; to which is appended the Report for December 1, 1851.* Printed by Order of the House of Representatives of the United States. Washington: 1853.
2. *Notes on Public Subjects, made during a Tour in the United States and Canada.* By Hugh Seymour Tremenheere. London: 1852.
3. *Reports of the Colonial Land and Emigration Commissioners.* Printed for both Houses of Parliament.
4. *Letters on Irish Emigration.* By Edward E. Hale. Boston: 1852.

NATIONS, like individuals, have their times for self-examination, when they pause, survey their positions, glance back upon the past, study the lessons of experience, and gird themselves up for the future. In the summer of 1850, about a year before the last enumeration of the population of Great Britain and Ireland, the marshals of the United States of America were occupied simultaneously throughout the Republic in ascertaining the number, color, nativity, sex, occupation, habits, and wealth of its scattered population, and in collecting information concerning its resources. The full results of this work still rest in the official receptacles; but the Report of the Superintendent, made in December, 1852, gives an abstract of what the "Seventh Census" will be when finished. The complete work, for some unknown cause, is yet unpublished.

A large part of Mr. Kennedy's Report is occupied with the subject of the Foreign Immigration into the United States. Although incomplete and sometimes, we believe, inaccurate, it furnishes the means for arriving at conclusions as to what has been and is, and gives us grounds for speculation as to what will be.

Most readers are familiar with the chart prefixed to modern editions of "Gibbon's Decline and Fall," exhibiting the march of the barbarian tribes upon Rome. The exaggerations of the press have accustomed us to speak of the modern "exodus" from famine, want, and plethora of labor, as if it were a similar movement. As ship after ship leaves Liverpool, London, Havre, Rotterdam, Hamburg, and Bremen, crowded with emigrants for America, we picture that country yielding itself a prey to an ignorant peasantry. We see them in imagination transferred to its shores and invested, by the magic of an oath, with the attributes of citizenship; and we turn with sorrow from the contemplation of the probable annihilation of the principles of Constitutionalism in the clashing with Democracy. Nothing can be more unfounded than such fears.

The United-States Census of 1790, taken before any acquisition of territory, exhib-

ited a population of 3,221,930 freemen, and 697,897 slaves. There were then thirteen states, in twelve of which, it appears, that slavery existed; its feeble life in New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Connecticut, and Rhode Island has long since been extinguished. In 1803, the French Province of Louisiana, including most of the country west of the Mississippi, was added to the Union. Florida was purchased from Spain in 1819; Texas was annexed in 1844; and New Mexico and California acquired by conquest and treaty in 1848. Five slave states, two free states, and six territories have been created out of all this country. Two new free states have also been admitted to the Union from the territory of New England since the formation of the Federation, and five free and four slave states from the country west of the Alleghanies assigned to the Republic by the treaty of 1783; thus making in all, at present, 16 free states, with 142 representatives in Congress, and 32 senators; and 15 slave states, with 91 representatives and 30 senators.

The total population of the United States, in 1850, was over 23,000; of which nearly 18,000,000 were native whites, over 2,000,000 foreign born, 39,000 were of unknown nativities, and 3,200,000 were slaves. It appears that, between 1840 and 1850, 1,569,850 foreigners arrived in the United States; from whence we should conclude, even in the absence of other evidence, that the emigration before 1840 was comparatively small. It began, on a large scale, only in 1847. From 1820 to 1830, the average number arriving was only 20,000 a-year; from 1830 to 1846, about 70,000 a-year. In 1847, the famine desolated Ireland; and the revolutions on the continent, which unsettled the channels of labor, followed the next year. The immigration increased, under the pressure, to 240,000 in 1847, and to 300,000 in 1850; and it is now estimated, at the Census Office, that "the total number of immigrants into the United States since 1790, living in 1850, together with descendants, amounted to 4,304,416," which we shall assume to be the complete foreign addition to the population of the country between 1790 & 1850.*

* It appears by the last report of the Colonial Land and Emigration Commissioners, that the total Irish emigration from 1847 to 1850 inclusive, was 833,692, nearly all of which was for North America. The Hamburg Emigration Society report the German Emigration during the same time as 356,684, of which we assume 96 per cent. to have gone to the same quarter. The Canada and New Brunswick immigration during the same period amounted to 210,904; and, assuming that the emigration from the United States into Canada was equal to that from Canada into the United States, which Mr. Kennedy justifies us in doing, we have as the total German and Irish emigration to the United States from 1847 to 1850 inclusive, according to European authority,

All this has, and is to have, a great effect upon the relations between slave and free labor. The free colored population appears to have increased 10.96 per cent. during the decade just past; the slave population, 28.81 per cent.; and the whites, 38.28 per cent.

The regular decrease in the augmentation of the free blacks, is one of the remarkable features of the progress of races in America. From 1790 to 1810, the Northern States, under the influence of climate and the spirit of freedom engendered by the revolution, were emancipating, or preparing to emancipate, their slaves; and the ratio of increase of the free colored population consequently greatly exceeded that of the whites or slaves. The following decade the percentage diminished; but was increased again, from 1820 to 1830, by the entire abolition of slavery in New York, and a large emancipation in New Jersey, Maryland, and Virginia. In the succeeding decade it fell off again; and, in the last, as we see, it fails to reach 11 per cent.; and this, notwithstanding the manumission of 1,500 and the flight of 1,000 slaves a-year; if the year 1850, or which alone returns on this head are made, be an example of the general course of things. In some of the States—New York, for instance—the number has actually diminished; in others—like the New-England states—it has done little more than remain stationary; while in others, on the Canada borders, and with

strong abolition sympathies—Michigan and Ohio, for instance—it has decidedly increased.

There can be but one solution to this—the degraded social position into which the Negro is forced by the prejudices of the whites of the North, and particularly of European immigrants. There is no physical reason why the black race should not increase as fast, and faster even, than the white. The experience of the slave States proves this, where, in spite of a degradation for which no amount of personal comfort can compensate, they faithfully fulfil the Divine command to “multiply and replenish the earth.” Sambo is naturally a jovial, good-natured, laughing fellow, full of fun, not without a relish for a practical joke, and ready always for a dance and a bit of banjo music in the open air—especially if Dinah be there, for whom it must be confessed he has a strong liking. He is too fond of his ease to be out of temper for a long time; too much a man of the world to work unless obliged to do so; and by far too much a gentleman to trouble his woolly pate with thinking a great deal. He is a bit of a “swell,” we are sorry to say, and loves to deck his ebony beauties in bright reds, and blues, and yellows, but not without a rude idea of taste and harmony of colors—if such a thing may be seriously suggested; and so long as Dinah likes it, he cares little whether it be according to the rules of art. He has a certain natural delicacy in the midst of his coarseness which contrasts very favorably with the beer-drinking rudeness of the laborer of some countries nearer the meridian of Greenwich, and a remembrance of good treatment, which ensures his master against “strikes,” as long as he does not strike first. And when he and Dinah at length become one, there seems to be naturally no good reason why woolly-pated “piccaninnies” should not be as thick around his cabin as ever caroty heads were on an Irish potato patch. In Massachusetts, for instance, they would seem to have every thing in their favor—freedom, plenty of work, equality of laws and rights; and yet his family has increased only 4.5 per cent. in the ten years. The truth is, free Sambo in the United States, with all his freedom and political equality, has no reality of either. His color stamps him for ever in unjust popular prejudice, which is stronger than law, with the caste of laborer; and not laborer alone, but degraded laborer, whose mother, and brother, and cousin are slaves, and who ought to be one himself; and, if the truth must be told, all this makes Sambo rather a good-for-nothing fellow. He neglects his family, is unthrifty, gets behind-hand, and before long finds himself quite at the foot of the social ladder. Meanwhile Pat has been coming in from Ireland, and has stepped over him; and, in astonishment at finding somebody

Irish,	833,692
German,	341,426
	1,175,118
Deduct Canada and New Brunswick immigration,	210,904
	964,214

The total number of immigrants of all nations returned by the United States authorities during the same time, was 1,037,771, which agrees substantially with the European statistics. The same European authorities return the emigration of 1851 and 1852 to the United States as follows:

	1851.	1852.
United Kingdom,	267,357	244,261
Germany, (estimated)	111,052	144,628
	378,409	388,789

The arrivals at New York alone, in 1852, were 296,438, of whom 118,134 were Irish, and 118,706 were Germans, being a decrease from the year before of 45,122 in the former, and an increase of 48,623 in the latter.

Dr. Chickering, who is excellent authority, estimates the foreign addition since 1790 at 5,000,000, instead of 4,000,000; and the Hamburg Society estimates the German element alone at 4,397,768,—a very wild statement. We have adopted the official estimate in preference to Dr. Chickering's; but the difference is of little moment, as the actual foreign-born element remains at 2,000,000, and the results we point out would be substantially the same in either event.

underneath himself, he becomes the worst tyrant that the poor black has to endure. The inveterate dislike of an Irishman to a Negro is as well known as it is remarkable.

But, while the free black of the North, in spite of his theoretically better condition, has barely held his own in some of the States, his southern cousin has been increasing his family at a great rate. Whether it be that, with plenty to eat, and, in the absence of care, his shackles sit lightly on him, or whether it be that he stifles his sorrows in domestic pleasures, we do not stop to inquire. It appears that, from some cause, the natural increase of the slaves has been as great, and greater even, than that of the whites; so that, without foreign immigration, the relative numbers of the two races, and the relative weight of the two sections of the Union, would not have been materially changed in the sixty years. We do not take into account the trifling difference in the proportion made directly by the acquisition of territory, as the total number of slaves and freemen was small in each case at the time of the annexation, and the effect upon the general result was more than balanced by the abolition of slavery in the North. Annexation has undoubtedly strengthened the "institution," by giving it new States to govern and new fields to cultivate; but not essentially by an actual addition to the number of slaves. Neither do we take into special account the larger percentage of the slave increase from 1800 to 1810, created by the prospective abolition of the Slave Trade in 1808; because the proportion of slaves to whites of native descent, in 1810, was almost exactly the same as in 1850. In 1800 the proportion was as 1 to 4.94; in 1810 as 1 to 4.78; and in 1850 as 1 to 4.76, deducting in each case the number of immigrants and descendants of immigrants since 1790 from the total white population. This great increase of a population held unjustly in a state of bondage, with freedom and activity all around them, is a remarkable feature in history, and suggests the possibility at some future day of an attempt at a forcible reclamer of their rights, when they shall decidedly outnumber their masters. If such a struggle should ever come, it would be short-lived and deadly, and could terminate only in the annihilation of the weaker black.

Before 1794 it seemed that this species of labor was about to die out in the natural course of events. In three of the Northern States it had perished; in five more it lived only upon sufferance; and in the South public sentiment would have abolished it if a feasible way had been proposed. Whitney then invented the cotton-gin; and the export of cotton, in 1793 less than five hundred thousand pounds, trebled in 1794, increased to six millions in 1795,

reached eighteen millions in 1800, two hundred and eighty millions in 1830, and nine hundred and twenty-seven millions in 1850. African bondage became profitable. The planters of Alabama, Mississippi, Georgia, and the Carolinas bear the sin before the world; but Liverpool, Lowell, Manchester, and New York furnish the money which prolongs and extends the system.

In spite of these influences so favorable to slavery, the foreign immigration is gradually affecting the balance of power in the Federation. In 1800 the total population of the Slave States was 48 per cent. of that of the Union, and their representation was 45 per cent. of the House. In 1830 they had 45 per cent. of the population, and 41 per cent. of the representation; and in 1850 but 41 per cent. of the former, and 39 per cent. of the latter. It requires no prophet to foresee that the same disturbing causes will continue as long as the peasants and artisans of Europe can command cheap homes, high wages, and an improved social position in the New World as easily as they now do. The census enables us to follow their track across the Republic, and to see in what communities they rest. The results are curious and not altogether expected.

1. It appears that the immigration rests almost entirely in the free States. Of the 2,200,000 foreigners resident in the Union, only 305,000 are in the Slave States; and of these 127,000 are in the comparatively northern corn-growing States of Maryland, Virginia, Kentucky, and Missouri, and 66,000 in the commercial State of Louisiana.

2. It travels principally due west in a belt reaching from 36 deg. or 37 deg. N. to 43 deg. or 44 deg. N., including the central and southern parts of New England, the middle and north-western States, Maryland and Delaware, and the central and northern part of Virginia, Kentucky, and Missouri. The climate and production of this country are similar to those of Europe; the general ratio of health and average of life is higher notwithstanding the great floating European population, and the name of laborer is not degraded by a comparison with slaves.

3. Less than one-third of the total immigration has entered the Lake Country and the Valley of the Mississippi. The proportion of foreign population in New York and in Massachusetts is greater than in any western agricultural State except Wisconsin. It is also nearly as large as in California, a gold-seeking community from the world at large.

4. It principally consists of Irish, Germans, and English.*

Of the English nearly five-eighths are to be

* Their respective numbers in 1850 were—English, 278,625; Irish, 961,719; German, 573,225.

found in the Atlantic free States, about one-third in the States of the north-west, and nearly all the residue in the northern slave States.

Three-fourths of the Irish stay in New England and the middle States (principally in Massachusetts, New York, and Pennsylvania), where the commercial and manufacturing interests are seated; and they are found in the south and west only where there are great public works in construction. They change their soil and their allegiance, but keep their nature intact. Unwilling in the New, as in the Old World, to guide their own destinies, they stay where another race furnishes food for their mouths, and labor for their hands, and takes to itself the substantial fruits of their industry. One love, however, is entirely weeded from their hearts. Their experience with the impoverishing potato-patch seems to have given them a distaste for agriculture; and, in a country where there is plenty of land and a sure harvest, they avoid almost entirely the pursuits to which they cling so tenaciously in Europe. Their numbers did not in 1850 reach a million,—not two-thirds of the decrease in the Irish population during the last ten years.

The Germans are more energetic, or, rather, bring their energy to a better account. More than half their number are spread over the north-western States, Missouri and Kentucky, and more than one-third in New York and Pennsylvania. They stay, indeed, in the towns in great numbers, devoting themselves to mechanical arts and to trades; but a large proportion, also, if the census speaks truly, are to be found in the agricultural districts, where they fell the forest and turn up the prairie for themselves. Some years ago we remember to have seen a colony of German emigrants landed on the unfinished pier of an unbuilt city in Wisconsin. The pier has doubtless since been completed, and the city has its thousands; but then, a few driven piles and a quantity of scattered lumber marked the place of the former, and rectangular streets strewn with fresh felled timber, stretching into a primeval forest, showed where the latter was to be. The emigrants were bundled out upon the pier, and their boxes, chests, willow-fans for winnowing wheat by hand, spinning-wheels and primitive spades, scythes, and ploughs were tumbled after them. The poor women sat upon the boxes in the hot sun (it was in August) and cried at the desolate appearance of this, the gate to their Paradise, and the men tried in their rough way to comfort them. We leaned upon the "guard," looking at them as the boat steamed up Lake Michigan, and admired the simplicity which could bring their miserable utensils to such a country. Long before this the men have chased away the

young grouse with American ploughs, and have fattened their cattle on the long grass of the prairie, and the women, putting away the spinning-wheels as relics of a by-gone existence, sit in the summer evenings under the honey-suckle and bignonia, which twist themselves over the porch, and sing to their children of the *Vaterland* without a sigh of regret.

The valley of the Mississippi and the Upper Lake Country has not only gained in an unexampled manner, but has been almost created within the half-century. Where, in 1800, there were less than 400,000 persons clustered around the rude forts that protected them from the Indians, with only 7 per cent. of the representation in Congress, there are now nearly ten millions cultivating 53,000,000 acres of improved land, and represented by 42 per cent. of the House. If the European immigration has remained in the Atlantic States, the inquiry naturally arises, Whence comes this western population?

The oracle of the census again responds.—All the while there has been a native emigration twice as great as the foreign. Washington Irving's pleasant sketch of the Yankee seems to be literally true,—a discontented being, unwilling to stay quietly in the home of his birth, and seeking an unknown better in some new sphere. Just when he begins to grasp it,—when the "stumps" are uprooted and the corn grows plentifully,—when his finished barns are filled, and his log cabin takes to itself some look of comfort,—he sells his "improvements" at a profit, shoulders his axe, harnesses his horse to a covered cart, into which he packs his wife and a staircase of children, and marches to some spot still further West, where he may begin anew. Thus the whole country is in motion; Massachusetts removes to Maine, and Maine to Massachusetts; New York visits Pennsylvania, and Pennsylvania, returns the compliment. Virginia crosses to Kentucky, and Kentucky pushes over into Illinois. Yet the whole migration appears to be governed by fixed laws, producing ascertainable results.

1. In the free States the general movement is due west,—from New York, for instance, to Michigan and Wisconsin, and from Pennsylvania to Ohio. From Maine and New Hampshire it goes principally to Massachusetts, from the other New England States more to New York than elsewhere: but natives of all are found in the free north-west States in large numbers. The middle States are also represented there by an aggregate of 758,020, in addition to which they interchange very extensively with each other; the people of the small States, particularly, going to the great cities of their neighbors. The emigration from the northern Atlantic States into the six north-western States amounts to nearly 1,200-

000. And so strong is this passion for motion, that the West itself supplies a population to the still further West. Ohio sends 215,000 to the three States beyond her; Indiana retains 120,000 from Ohio, but sends on 50,000 of her own; Illinois takes 95,000 from Ohio and Indiana, and gives 7,000 to young Iowa; and that State, though not twenty years redeemed from the Indians, gains nearly 60,000 by the restlessness of the three, and, in its turn, breaks over the too feeble barriers of the Rocky Mountains to supply Utah and Oregon with 1,200 natives of Iowa.

2. The native emigration from their central slave States follows the same general law of a due westerly movement: but whether governed by the wish to escape from slavery, or by what other motive, it takes also a partial north-west direction into the free States. Maryland, Virginia, North Carolina, Tennessee, and Kentucky, furnish 360,000 of the native population of the north-west.

3. The movement in the planting States has been mostly within themselves, taking a south-westerly and westerly direction from the older lands of South Carolina and Georgia, to the uplands of Alabama and Mississippi. The emigration from South Carolina alone is nearly 68 per cent. of the white population remaining within her borders.

4. The American-born population of Texas comes principally from the slave States, that of California from the free States, and that of the territories more from the free than from the slave.

5. It appears from a study of the course of both emigrations, that they mainly benefit the belt of country above described. New England loses nearly 400,000 of native population; but the foreign elements reduce the actual loss to 92,000. The middle States lose 600,000 of native population, but have so large a foreign addition, that the balance-sheet shows a gain of nearly 414,000. The central slave States lose 600,000 natives; the foreign emigration reduces their actual loss to 400,000.—The planting States and Texas gain 300,000, of which nearly 200,000 are native. The north-west gains 1,900,000, of which 1,330,000 are native.*

It is apparent that the political influence of the emigrant is greatly exaggerated. If three or four hundred thousand uneducated peasants, unused to govern their own affairs, and much less acquainted with affairs of State, were annually transferred to the United

States, placed in communities by themselves, apart from the influence of more intelligent minds, left without schools, cultivation, or capital, to raise themselves as best they could, and admitted nevertheless to the dignity of citizenship, and to a share in administration, it would be irrational not to fear the result.—But we see a process quite the reverse going on. These ignorant beings—ignorant, indeed, some of them are, and thickheaded and obstinate—are taken by the hand on arrival, and sent, not into the forest, but into a more thickly populated country than the one they left, with towns as large as any in Europe except the two capitals, with schools better than any of the same grade here, maintained at the public expense, with work enough for everybody, skilful and unskilful, and with better educated persons than themselves to tell them what to do. They labor constantly with Americans, their children sit daily side by side with American children, reading from the same books, playing the same games, and learning to think the same thoughts. Mr. Tremeneere in his excellent work complains that all history in the public schools is ignored except that of the Republic, and gives us a list of twenty-one questions prepared for the examination of candidates for admission to the high school of Lowell, all of which refer only to events connected with the American continent. We are not sure that the honest clergymen of the land of the Puritans have not been found guilty of a profound policy in this. The child of the English or Scotch machinist in Massachusetts, of the German or Irish laborer, of the French or Italian artisan, in New York or Philadelphia, learns with the language and the institutions, the history which tells him the greatness of his new country; and, forgetting that he ever had another, he feels with a pride, that even Lord Palmerston might envy, "*civis Romanus sum*." If the first generation is never quite denationalized, the second is transformed by this process into very good Yankees. The fathers, too, soon get a little property (for there is plenty of labor and little pauperism), and thenceforth are identified with the stability of their new country; and by the time they become citizens, they have some just sense of the dignity they acquire, and of the responsibility it entails.

The same fact removes all apprehension of a disproportionate increase of Papal power in America. The Roman Catholic population being so completely identified with the older States, and impregnated with the spirit of their institutions, any pernicious influence from that quarter will be impossible. We hear often of the power of Jesuitism in America, and of the spread of Catholicism in the valley of the Mississippi; but the facts in the census indi-

* To reach these results we have in each case ascertained the total number of natives from the particular section resident in the Union, and from that have deducted the total free native population residing in that section, or *vice versa*; the result shows the loss or gain by emigration.

cate no such thing.* We are assured by those best able to judge, that so far from fearing the undue influence of the Romish Church, its conservative influence over the emigrants within its pale is regarded with favor. The Americans have a sufficient protection against the inroads of any sacerdotal despotism in their healthy English-born institutions, in the spirit of free inquiry which they have inherited from this country, and, above all, in their free schools, at which four millions are educated—one-fifth of the free population.

The schools of the States have been made patent to English eyes during the contest concerning the various educational systems proposed for adoption here, and they certainly seem to answer the demands of a state of society bearing little resemblance to this. Indeed, in all the comparisons between the two countries, the fact of the great social difference is lost sight of. The similarity of political institutions, from the municipal parishes to the national legislatures,—the community of language, literature, and of ancestry, so far as the Americans can get a tombstone and parish register acquaintance with their ancestors in England,—the common elements of wealth,—the resemblance, and, in the main, identity of pursuits, are pictured glowingly by after-dinner orators, when the wine has mellowed the heart. Long may both nations remember these things! And far distant may the day be when the difficulties arise which philosophy teaches us they engender. But there is another side of the picture, less dwelt upon, and equally true,—the vast social gap between an old country, with a cultivated artificial society, founded on great landed possessions, and a new country with no aristocracy, unless we give that name to the feeble remnant of colonial families overshadowed by recent wealth, or to the expiring gentility of the "Southern Chivalry." The British merchant labors, accumulates, buys land, is made a peer in the second generation, and is identified thenceforth less with the town than with the country. The American merchant accumulates, invests in stocks and city lots, perhaps becomes a member of Congress, dies, and leaves his property to his children in even portions. In a generation or two it is scattered, and his poor descendants begin to climb the ladder anew. The inhabitants of no neat rural village point with pride to his well-stocked parks, and wood-

ed drives. He may have a cottage on Staten Island, the banks of the Hudson, the Delaware, or the Schuylkill, or he may amuse himself with dilettante farming in Dorchester. But the non-producing landed proprietor, identified for generations with the soil, is unknown in America. The "people," owning each his little farm, or his house and garden, take the management of their own affairs into their own hands.

The public schools are the legitimate offspring of the social status, and return to it no small share of the stability which it enjoys.—They were established in New England, at the settlement of the country, for the education of the children, and the conversion of the Indians. About the time that the wearers of black doublets and steeple-crowned hats, who fled from oppression here to establish a Calvinistic despotism, whose influence still draws down the chins of their descendants,—about the time they re-enacted the Mosaic code, penalties and all, with marginal references to chapter and verse, they partitioned the public land into parishes, on the English system, and assigned a part to the commonage, a part to the church, and a part to the schools. In process of time the common land has generally ceased to be pasturage, and is, in many places, planted with trees, and made into public walks; the church fields have disappeared with the State organization; and the portion assigned to the schools has been absorbed in the settlement of the country, and exchanged for the right of general taxation,—which right, as the sum to be raised is determined each year by each town for itself, and as suffrage is nearly universal, means the right of the poor to educate their children as they see fit at the expense of the tax-payers. The system has been extended from New England more or less through the free States, and works to the satisfaction even of the property-holders, who must be sometimes heavily mulcted by it. Mr. Tremenhoe, for instance, tells us, that in a town near Boston, "the whole real property of which is valued at only 500,000 dollars, not less than 17,000 dollars were expended last year in the erection of five new school-houses, besides the ordinary expenses of maintaining their three grammar and two primary schools." Boston pays \$15 42 per head for the children educated in her schools (free for all without charge); New York, \$10 62; St. Louis on the Mississippi, \$9 50; and Cincinnati on the Ohio, \$6 37. These taxes are cheerfully submitted to by the property-holders, who require no argument to be convinced that, without education universal suffrage would be destructive to political liberty, to social virtue, and to property on which both must lean. They feel that the schools are essential even for the native chil-

* There are in the Union 36,011 churches of all denominations, affording accommodation for 13,849,896 persons, of which only 1,112 are Roman Catholic, with accommodations for 620,950. In the lake country and valley of the Mississippi, out of 13,661 churches, accommodating 4,891,002 persons, only 561 are Roman Catholic, accommodating 270,219.

dren with American homes, and doubly so for the foreigners, sometimes with worse than no home at all.

Thus the moment the emigrant arrives and is settled, he and his children are cared for.—He finds persons on the pier waiting to employ him, and he pockets at once his four shillings a day; or if he be ill, there is a hospital to receive him, where skilful surgeons and kind nurses minister to his wants. Schools say to his children, "Come to us and be taught;" and they go. It was found some years since, in a manufacturing town of Massachusetts, with a population, nearly one-third of which was Irish, that of about 3000 children between the ages of three and sixteen, only nineteen were not attending school somewhere, and that sixteen of the nineteen stayed away because they had no good clothes; clothes were given, and the non-attendants reduced to three.—The proportion throughout the Union is not as large as this; but yet large enough to change the character of the whole foreign population. There is no greater mistake than that the characters of nations and races are unchangeable: leading minds mould the popular will to their pleasure. Catholic England under Henry VII. became Protestant England under Henry VIII. The freedom of Aragon died under the heel of the Inquisition. Louis XIV. was troubled but once in his reign by the spirit of a free parliament. Can there be a greater contrast than between the ages of Elizabeth and Cromwell? or of Milton and Congreve? William III. made the English noblemen Dutchmen; George IV. beau-Brumelized society; and the present Court of England has set an example of purer and more refined manners. In the same way the character and purposes of the emigrants are changed. They are fashioned by the influences which surround them, and in the second generation become completely identified with the country of their adoption.

Mr. Tremenhare objects that no provision is made for religious education. In the United States such a provision would be the sacrifice of the system. The children of a million of Irish Roman Catholics attend the public schools and strive for the honors they give; the clergy of that denomination are placed by popular suffrage on the committees chosen to superintend the schools and prescribe the course of education; only on the implied understanding that the religious education shall be left to other hands. We cannot believe, in spite of Mr. Tremenhare's fear to the contrary, that the community which takes such care of the secular education,—which provides one grade of schools for the infants, another for those who have crossed the Rubicon of knowledge and are battling with its elements, another yet higher for those who are preparing for the or-

dinary duties of life in the humbler middle classes, and one still beyond, fitted with libraries of elementary books and with scientific apparatus, where the studies of the University even may be pursued by the humblest child, free of cost,—would make no provision elsewhere for religious instruction. It is just to add, that the schools we have in view as we write are in Massachusetts, and have attained a degree of excellence beyond those in other States. But the West will not be long behind the East in this respect. Mr. Tremenhare's work, although pretending to be no more than a sketch, gives an excellent picture of the working of the system throughout the Northern States, accompanied by the impressions it created on an intelligent mind of conservative tendencies. If we do not agree with him in all his conclusions, he himself furnishes us with reasons for differing. We gather from him that the schools of Pennsylvania and New York are inferior to those of New England, and that the average attendance is decidedly less. But it also appears that those who have charge of them are alive to the deficiency, and are using every means to repair it. We close our remarks on this subject with a short extract concerning the schools of Connecticut:—

Any one from England visiting those schools would be also greatly struck with the very high social position, considering the nature of their employment, of the teachers, male and female; he will observe with pleasure their polite and courteous bearing, of such importance as an example of good manners to the children; he will admire the complete order, quiet, and regularity, with which the whole system of instruction is conducted, by the exercise of mild, temperate, and generally speaking, judicious authority; and he will perceive how great an amount of elementary secular instruction is given to those who stay a sufficient length of time to derive the full benefit of the opportunities of improvement then afforded. And I must confess that he will be likely to feel it as a just subject of reproach to his own country, that her very tenderness of zeal in the cause of religious truth, her very apprehension lest in her desire to attain an acknowledged good she may be betrayed into a step fraught with evil—or, to descend to lower ground, her religious jealousies and animosities—should interpose to keep all education, both secular and religious, from the minds of tens of thousands of our fellow-citizens, at a time too, when secular education is more than ever needed as a means of temporal prosperity and advancement, and when socialism and a vast and dangerous flood of "revolutionary literature" of the worst kind, is occupying the ground left bare for its reception by the absence of all culture, secular or religious. How long, it may be well asked, is the Government of this country to be paralyzed by sectarian jealousies? and to what further extent are the very foundations of religious truth and social order to be undermined, while the dis-

pute rages as to the best method of preserving them? (Pp. 57, 58, 59.)

The provisions for the mental health of the emigrant are rivalled by those made for his physical. In their efforts to prevent intemperance, laws are passed in some of the States more arbitrary than the decrees of the most absolute European Government, prohibiting—without always preventing—the sale of intoxicating drinks. To keep him clean, aqueducts, exceeding in magnificence, expense, and profuseness of supply those whose ruined arches bridge the Campagna, bring pure water to his door, and force him to take and use it by assessing a compulsory rate upon the house he occupies. Unfortunately filth, ill ventilation, and dense population are the accompaniments of vice, and too often of poverty, in large towns. Crime always tries to hide its head in such burrows. The cities of America are not without their vicious population, dwelling in haunts not unlike the *terra incognita* of White-chapel, whose impurities and wretchedness, occasionally revealed for a moment by the picture of a passing visitor, astonish us at their fearful contrast to Pall Mall and St. James's. The "five points" of New York, as it formerly existed, with its three tiers of underground apartments, and dancing room under the street, where black, white, and gray mingled in impure orgies, was equal in its way to anything within the jurisdiction of Scotland Yard. The "Old Brewery" was only two or three minutes' walk from Broadway, within a stone's throw of Stuart's Marble Palace, filled with the richest fabrics of the world, the terror of husbands and papas. It is now removed, and a charitable institution occupies its place. But as long as the weeds of vice grow in the human heart, dens of infamy will exist in large towns, which the philanthropist can improve but not eradicate. The Americans have taken the first step towards cleansing these places by supplying them freely with water. The "Cochituate Aqueduct" brings water twenty miles from one of the pretty lakes that dot the surface of Massachusetts, and distributes it in every street and alley of its prim metropolis. The magnificent "Croton Aqueduct" of New York was built by the city at a cost of nearly £3,000,000 sterling. The Croton river is brought fifty miles in a covered channel of masonry and granite, and rolls into New York over a bridge whose lofty arches would span the shipping, if there were any, on Haerlem River. Every house in the city contributes by rates towards its support, and has the option of taking it for those rates. Water has consequently become a necessity among high and low. Bathing rooms in chambers, and water cocks, with hot and cold water, in every room are found in the Bowery as well as in the Fifth Avenue. The receipts

have not yet equalled the interest on the debt. In a few years they will; and in a few more will become a profitable source of revenue to the city. Philadelphia is still more fortunate. A dam thrown across the Schuylkill, at her very doors, drives pumps which deliver water on the top of Fairmount, by the river's bank; from hence an unlimited supply is distributed over the city. We can testify to the correctness of Mr. Tremenheere's description:—

It is rather tantalizing to one who leaves London in the beginning of August, to find himself in ten days in cities across the Atlantic, where bath-rooms are almost as numerous as bed-rooms, in every private house of any pretensions to the comfort that even a moderate competency can command, and where the purest of water is let in at the highest habitable part of every building, in unlimited quantity, and for a most moderate payment. It is somewhat amusing, too, to see the Irish maidens in Philadelphia (in their usual vocation of housemaids there, as elsewhere), tripping out in the early morning, upon the broad brick foot-pavement, and screwing a small hose of an inch in diameter to a brass cock concealed under a little iron plate near the curbstone; then, with an air of command over the refreshing element, directing a copious shower against the windows, shutters, front door, white marble steps, elegant iron railing, green shrubs, small and much-cherished grass plots, heavy blossomed creepers hanging on neat trellis-work, and, finally, upon the grateful acacias, or the silver maple, or the catalpa, or the acanthus, or the mountain-ash above her head. Next advances a graver character whose business it is to "lay the dust." He drags after him a snake-like hose some fifty feet long, one end of which he has screwed upon the stop-cock fixed to a post by the side of the pavement, while from the brass pipe of the other end, which he holds in his hand, he throws a strong jet over the street, and a considerable distance beyond the point at which he has arrived when he has come to "the end of his tether." He then removes the screw end to the next cock, which is at the proper distance to enable him to reach, by the jet from the hose, the point where he left off.

Other cities, great and small, make similar provisions. In the manufacturing towns, also, the streets are generally broad, and planted with trees, and the houses built with reference to the comforts of the occupants. The same may be said of the residences of the poorer class throughout the country. In New York, for example, if the portion occupied by the wealthy is less metropolitan, and the streets narrower, worse paved, and dirtier than those of most European capitals, the houses of the poor and the emigrant are more spacious, better ventilated, better provided with water, and cleaner than those occupied by similar classes here.

The "Modern Exodus" ceases to be a wonder in view of these things; we are only astonished that, like the Exodus of old, famine

and pestilence were necessary to it. The Irish peasantry fled before the scourge of 1847, not singly, nor by families, nor by villages even, but by whole districts; and yet two must have fallen where one escaped to a foreign shore. The priests in some places say that they ceased almost to minister, except to the dying, and that their services have been little wanted since by the bride. Liverpool was crowded with emigrants, and ships could not be found to do the work. The poor creatures were packed in dense masses, in ill-ventilated and unseaworthy vessels, under charge of improper masters, and the natural result followed. Pestilence chased the fugitive to complete the work of famine. Fifteen thousand out of ninety thousand emigrants to Canada in British bottoms, in 1847, died on the passage or soon after arrival. The American vessels, owing to a stringent passenger law, were better managed; but the hospitals of New York and Boston were nevertheless crowded with patients from Irish estates. The attention of Parliament was called to these things, and an Act somewhat similar to that of the United States was passed, which has done much to prevent the recurrence of misery. The number of passengers is restricted, the space to be allowed to each, the size of the births, the character of the decks, the quantity of provisions and water per passenger, are all prescribed by the various Acts; and it is made the duty of the Emigration Commissioners to enforce the law.

Under these Acts the Irish emigration has grown into a systematic and well-conducted business in the hands of persons who receive the wanderers at Liverpool from all parts of Ireland, even from Sligo. The main movement, however, is from Cork, where they arrive by car or rail from the southern and western counties, and are thence transported to Liverpool in steamers, to await at their own expense, the sailing of the vessel. When a number are about to leave, the whole village—the old (above sixty) against whose free emigration the passenger laws of some of the States interpose impediments; the well-to-do, who have no need to depart; the beggar whose filthy shreds cannot be called a covering; the youngest children even—gather in a tumultuous group about the car holding the smiling faces whose happy lot it is to leave forever their native land. With the wildest signs of grief for the departing as if for the dead, with waving of hands, beating of the air, unearthly howls, tears, sobs, and hysterics, they press confusedly around the carriage, each one struggling for the last shake of the hand, the last kiss, the last glance, the last adieu. The only calm persons in this strange scene are the subjects of it all, to whom this moment is the consummation of long hopes and many dreams, who have talked

of it and sang of it (for the songs of the peasantry now dwell upon it), till it has become a reality.

Before going on board the ship at Liverpool they are subjected to a strict inspection by the medical authorities, and the same persons examine the medicine chests to see that the vessel is properly secured against maladies.* They are then put on board the first vessel of the line sailing after their arrival; and we have the authority of Mr. Hale for saying that they sometimes cross and land without knowing her name. When on board they are assigned to certain berths, their chests are hauled into the little compartments, opening on the deck, in which their berths are situated; they are furnished with cooking-places for the preparation of the stores which they take in addition to the ship's rations, the messes are made up for the voyage, the pilot takes the ship below the bar, search is made for *stowaways*, the pilot leaves, taking with him all secreted persons whom the search exposes, and the waters of the Irish Channel are breaking against the bows. There is even less sentiment in this parting than in the former; little of the regret so natural in leaving for ever the land of nativity. That comes later, when, in full employment, with plenty of money, a clean comfortable home, a tidy wife, children at school, and the old folk and the brothers and sisters brought out, Pat tells the Yankees of the jewel of a land he left behind, and wishes (the rogue) that he may just lay his old bones once more there before he dies. There is no such feeling when the ship sails—not a wet eye, not a sigh, not a regret—all is buoyant hope and happiness.

The German emigration has also been greatly stimulated by the same system. It comes from all parts of Germany (possibly at present more from the Rhine, Wurtemberg, and Prussia, than from Bavaria, where obstacles are now thrown in the way of it,) and from Switzerland even, and is managed by commercial houses in the North Sea ports, in

* In 1847, before the passage of the British Act establishing medical inspection, the mortality was 17 1-2 per cent. of the embarkation. In 1848, it was less than 1 per cent. It is claimed by the advocates of the Bill, that it produced this result. We are inclined to think that good food and the absence of pestilence has more to do with it than medical examination. Within the last six months, the cholera has raged with great severity in ships that had been carefully inspected and pronounced to have a good bill of health. Sometimes it would appear the second or third day out, sometimes at the end of a week or ten days. When the wind blew from the south, it would rage with violence; when it veered to the north-west it would almost or entirely disappear, and perhaps the vessel would come into port without a case on board. Neither the presence nor the absence of disease in this virulent form can be attributed to a sanitary measure.

Havre, in London, in Liverpool, and in New York. The Dutch have little to do with it: their ships are employed in their own commerce and in the British trade with Australia. But the Germanic free towns, the British-American Houses in London and Liverpool, and the American houses in Havre, whose ships do not carry out so bulky cargoes as they bring back, have embarked largely in it. Agencies of these various houses are established throughout Germany (every August tourist knows them by the big eagle, and shield with thirteen bars over the door), who are charged to collect the wanderers at some convenient point—say Mannheim for the Rhine and Danubian country, and Bremen or Hamburg for the centre and north—where they pass into the hands of the contractor, and thenceforth have no care over themselves. A part are paupers sent by the Governments of Baden, Bavaria, Hesse, Wurtemberg, and Switzerland. But we are assured that these bear a small proportion to the whole. "I have known," writes one well-informed gentleman, "hundreds of German families who have taken out with them to the United States sums of money varying from ten to forty thousand florins each family. It may be admitted as a fact that out of twenty German emigrants, nineteen take out with them to the United States money enough to enable them to establish themselves in the inland States." We confess we had supposed that the pauper emigration bore a larger relative proportion to the voluntary. The latter moves generally in families, and often by villages. Accompanied thus by their clergyman and their doctor, and loaded with quantities of useless farming and household utensils, which they bring with them at a great expense and discard on arrival, these simple agriculturists leave the dreary stone houses which served as a home for their cattle, their horses, and themselves, and as a storehouse for their produce; bid good-bye to the heavy tower and bright bulbous dome of the venerable church; take a last look at the fields which have so long borne linseed, and wheat and maize to them and their fathers; and set out joyfully on their voyage. Or, if they be mechanics and tradesmen (and the Hamburg statistics return 71 per cent. of the emigration of 1852, and 48 per cent. of that of 1851, as of these classes), they are still more content to go to a country where they anticipate ready employment and high wages. And if they be paupers, they certainly have nothing to lose by the change. Many are doubtless doomed to disappointment; for some of the town labor is overdone and ill paid—the ever oppressed needlewoman, for instance—even in energetic America. But we are credibly informed that they are gradually taking possession of many of the branches of industry in the large towns, as they can work and

live for less than the Americans. They take leave of their country with a little more sentiment than the Irish, but yet without sorrow. The legends of forests which yield them no bread, and of mountains from whose vineyards no wine is pressed for their lips, the memories of the grass-grown streets and decaying fountains of Augsburg, the departed greatness of Nuremberg:—

"Quaint old town of toil and traffic,
Quaint old town of art and song,"—

the dull magnificence of Berlin, the Anglified elegance of Dresden, the small-beer architecture of Munich, even the national waters of the "wide and winding Rhine," and the old Germanic glories of Cologne, are little to them at the moment of leaving for the land of plenty. The same want of capital, and of an active, energetic middle class, to stimulate industry and make a division of labor, which has produced in Ireland the voluntary emigration of its best laborers, is causing the same results in the centre of Europe.

At Mannheim, or Hamburg, or Bremen, or wherever it may be, the emigrants surrender themselves and their fates to the shippers who contract to take them to New York; but not before a careful Government has seen that their comfort and health have been reasonably provided for. And in truth, they require some looking after, for they and their luggage are generally in too filthy a state for a sea-voyage. They are then brought to the seashore, from whence they are either shipped directly to America, or to Havre, to London, or to Liverpool, by way of Hull. Twice as many sail from Bremen as from any other continental port. Next in rank is Havre, which they reach under charge of agents, either by rail from Cologne, or by steam from the northern ports. Hamburg, Antwerp, and the English ports, all take large numbers. Fifteen or twenty thousand came to London last year to take passage hence for New York. Whoever crossed from Rotterdam within the year probably saw from one to three hundred of these people in the forward cabin, principally young men and women in the vigor of life with their children. After passing the Brielle or the Helvoetsluys, he lost sight of them during the day. The women were below ill, from the unaccustomed motion of the vessel, and the men were either ministering to them, or were lazily stretched on the piles of Dutch produce which lumbered the deck to the tops of the paddle-boxes. When the sun had sunk behind the purple horizon, and the tranquil waters of the usually turbulent ocean began to reflect the rays of the moon breaking through the clouds, he probably saw these not very tidy men and women creeping up from below to breathe the fresh air; and before long the

harmony of a trained chorus, singing the songs of the Danube the Rhine, or the Elbe, struck his ear. If he were curious to know more of them, he would have found, on inquiry, that they were peasants from Bavaria, or Baden, or Nassau, or Westphalia, or Saxony; or artisans from the towns of the Rhine and the Central States. He would have observed that though untidy even to filthiness, they were by no means poor, rude, or absolutely unlettered. Their music alone would have told him of a certain amount of cultivation; the gold upon their persons would have satisfied him that they were not without means to take care of themselves; and the Bibles distributed in the various families would have shown him their sense of the importance of those treasures which neither moth nor rust can corrupt, and which thieves cannot break through and steal. If he felt disposed still to follow their fortunes, he would have seen them landed in London; and after going through the necessary formalities at the Custom House, transferred to a boarding-house at Wapping, under charge of the agent, to await, at the contractor's expense, the sailing of the vessel. He would have seen them subjected the next day to the examination of the health officer; and then going on board the vessel, he would have found that they were comfortably provided for in the manner which we have already described. Thus cared for without trouble to themselves, surrounded with friends and old neighbors, and provided with plenty of tobacco, he must have left them convinced that they would make the voyage with little risk of serious illness or death by the way, and with as much comfort as the unusual comfort of keeping clean would permit. Or if, to follow their fortunes still further, he had taken passage with them, he would have witnessed himself the comfort and harmony of the little community on the voyage, and would have seen its members on arrival taken in charge by the Commissioners of Emigration, and either supplied with work in some part of the country needing their services, or sent to colonize the West.* And he would probably have admir-

ed the wisdom of the machinery which quietly, humanely, and profitably transports nations from regions where want makes them anarchists, to a country where, if demagogues would let them alone, plenty would soon turn them into conservatives.*

It would be interesting to inquire the probable effect of this shifting of population upon the old world. If the movement had been confined to redundant labor, the result could be nothing but beneficial. But in Germany we see agriculturists of property and artisans of skill emigrating by tens of thousands; and in England the pioneer pauper-migration is dragging a better class after it, by an annual remittance of a million and a half sterling. The movement to America has not yet made any material impression upon the manufacturing districts. That it will, cannot reasonably be doubted. Nearly one-fifth of the population of the manufacturing State of Massachusetts, is of foreign birth. The gold-fields of Australia also tempt from a life of unceasing toil the men who, by industry and foresight, have accumulated enough for the passage. Whether this efflux will equalize the rates of wages on the two sides of the Atlantic, remains to be seen.

It cannot be denied that Ireland has been purified by the purging. But what a picture the story presents: a fertile country, with a healthy climate, but with a deficient stock of capital, renovated only by the loss of young and strong laborers, whose work was valueless at home. They find occupation enough in America; and become, in time, industrious, peaceable, and comparatively temperate and money-saving citizens. Their old habit of abusing England sticks to them; but, fortunately, wind is plentiful in their adopted land, with no law to forbid it blowing where and as loud as it listeth; and the ill temper finds vent in expletives, not always in the best taste, but which wise people set down at their real value.

Whatever the effect on Europe, the great emigration must benefit the United States. We have already said that we do not share the fears of those who see destruction to the Republic in this increase to its numbers. No

to a use little contemplated by its philanthropic founder. A farmer came in, in search of a servant girl. A buxom Irish lass presented herself, bundle in hand, to go with him. One of the clerks jokingly said, "she would make you a good wife." The farmer thought the same, proposed, was accepted, sent for a magistrate, and was married on the spot.

* It would repay the curious to inquire how far the existing democratic element in Germany has been created by the correspondence of the emigrants with their native land. The Irish are less speculative than the continental people, and being more under a controlling religious influence are not so much tinctured with sentimental democracy.

* The Emigration Commissioners of New York are charged with the distribution of a large fund annually raised from the emigrants. It appears by the report for 1853, that they received "commutation money" on 234,945 emigrants during the year, being 16,047 less than in 1852. The fund at their disposal during the year amounted to \$594,464, of which they expended \$586,859; \$122,135 went to counties in the interior, and \$214,077 was on account of the great Hospital at Ward's Island in the East River off New York, which accommodates 3000 patients; 20,197 were temporarily relieved by food, money, etc., 24,317 temporarily supplied with food, board, and lodging, 271 sent back to Europe at their own request, and 14,334 supplied with situations at the Intelligence Office, conducted by the Commissioners. This office was once put

country was ever made worse by an addition of healthy laborers, while there was work for them to do, and heads to direct them. The United States are emphatically in this condition. The native population is shrewd and intelligent, and has shown itself abundantly capable to direct the foreign element. That element, in return, proves one of the greatest resources of the State, furnishing it with the thing it most needs—labor—to develop its resources, to put down its fixtures, to open its ways for transportation, to subvert its virgin soil, to uncover the hidden wealth of its mines, to run its spindles, to hammer its iron, even to trim the sails of its ships, and to work the engines of its steamers: 400,000 creators of its wealth now arrive annually in the United States, the men generally in the prime of life, the females even more so. Out of 245,000 persons arriving at four ports in 1850, 32,000 only were under ten years of age, and 22,000 only over forty; being less than one-half the proportion of native inhabitants under and over those respective ages. They are consequently strong, capable of much work, less liable to mortality than the natives, and with a greater proportionate power of reproduction. It would be absurd to doubt that, in the course of time, they will affect the so-called Anglo-Saxon race in America. But it is yet too soon to measure the character or extent of their influence. We do not think they will essentially modify the constitutional institutions and educational systems it has established, which they learn, in a single generation, to respect as their own.

So, too, it would be idle to suppose that this supply will never be greater than the demand. In the natural course of events, the United States will become thickly populated, great fortunes will accumulate, capital will become more plentiful than now, and labor will be less sought for, and consequently less paid. Doubtless also the European emigration hastens that time. But it is yet far distant, and will continue so while land is as abundant and as cheap as now. Notwithstanding the rapidity of the settlement of the West; notwithstanding the amount of land taken up by speculators; notwithstanding the profuseness with which the public domain has been granted by Congress, 1387,000,000 of acres remain unsold and unappropriated—six times the whole amount alienated by the Federal Government during the present century; and probably two-thirds, at least, of the amount alienated is in the market at a price not much above the Government rate. With such a quantity of land, at five shillings an acre, capable of being brought into production the first year, there is no necessity for an unhealthy overplus of labor; for it not only attracts population to the West, but also keeps down the price of farming-lands in the East, where the principal markets are.

With the exception of tracts close to the large towns, farms in New England sell now at about the same rate at which they did in the beginning of the century. In Massachusetts even, the average value is £6 10s. per acre for the freehold; and in Maine, New Hampshire, and Vermont, it is less than in Ohio. It is greater in Michigan and Indiana than in any southern state except Louisiana. While the present state of things can be maintained, no probable annual addition to the country by emigration will affect the laboring classes unfavorably.

It is plain, also, that if the emigration continues as at present, it will soon give the North a greater preponderance in the nation; but we do not regard that as a source of future weakness, rather of strength. There is no sympathy between the foreign labor and the slave labor to make the North and South immediately antagonistic. On the contrary, the emigrant seems to have an inherent antipathy to the black, and allies himself, as soon as he becomes a citizen, to the political party supposed to have Southern tendencies. The past shows that the dangers to the American Union have come, and are to come, not from Northern but from Southern increase. The Missouri contest grew out of Southern annexation, and the supposed dangers in 1850 had their origin in the desire of the South to impose slavery upon the free soil of California. The North has never required political stimulus to aid its growth, nor has its advance been marked by accessions of territory. It is the slave power which took to itself Florida, Louisiana, and Texas, which grasped after California and New Mexico, and which now wants Cuba. A gradual and peaceable increase in the industry, wealth, and population of the North, which shall give to it at length, without annexation or war, an incontestable preponderance in the Union, will be submitted to by the South, with scarcely a consciousness that it has taken place, and will perhaps check the thirst for acquisition, which, if unrestrained at home and unopposed abroad, may sow serious discensions, and threaten the existence of the Republic.

Under the stimulating influence of this cause the industry and resources of the United States have made an almost fabulous advancement. We had purposed to show its effect upon the principal branches of the national wealth, but are prevented by the unexpected length to which the subject has carried us. The tonnage of the country increased, in the ten years ending in 1852, from 2,000,000 to over 4,000,000; the imports, from \$100,000,000 to \$213,000,000; the customs, from \$18,000,000 to \$45,000,000 (yielding the Federal Treasury an annual surplus of fifteen or twenty millions). The cotton crop increased, in the ten years ending in 1850, from 800 to 1000 million pounds; the rice crop, from 80 to 215 millions; and the

sugar, from 155 to 281 millions; the wheat, from 77 to 100 million bushels; and the maize, from 400 to 600 millions. The potato alone, blasted by disease, sank in production. Thirteen thousand miles of constructed railway, and as much more in progress, all built by emigrants' hands, are opening up the rich, but before unsalable, lands of the West, bringing their cheaply produced bread-stuffs and choked-up mineral wealth to Eastern markets. Of cottons, the Americans now manufacture three times more in value than they import, and the export of their own manufactures is two-fifths of the foreign importation; and their woollen manufactures exceed the imports of similar articles as three to one. In all articles of clothing, in carriages, furniture, materials for house-decoration, books, paper, iron utensils, agricultural implements, hand-tools, they are substantially independent of all other countries; and, in the coarser cottons, they are not only independent, but have become exporters to compete with British fabrics in South America, Africa, and Central Asia. There can be little doubt that they will advance to the manufacture of more delicate fabrics. The country is full of skilful designers from the Continent, who will not fail to impress their taste upon the national productions, and give them a currency throughout the world. Side by side with this, the mineral wealth of the country will be developed. California had yielded 50 millions sterling by the close of 1852. Other mining interests had been less prosperous. But the high prices of iron and coal are opening the Pennsylvania furnaces; and emigration, favored by joint-stock companies in New York and London, is finding its way to Lake Superior, where the pure copper lies in masses six feet in thickness, and weighing from sixty to seventy tons. These important results merit a more extended notice, and are full of suggestions for the future.

With such an unexampled growth in material prosperity, we are not surprised to see the conceit natural to the English race swell into a sometimes undue proportion in the Transatlantic branch of the family, and make Jonathan foolishly long to thrust his fingers into all kinds of political pies. Within the half century he has removed nearly all the Indians from the east to the west of the Mississippi, planted them on the sources of the Arkansas and the southern branches of the Missouri, and provided them with schools, missionaries, fields, and money; marching beyond them, he has invaded the territories of the Sacs and Foxes, and pitched his camp in the hunting lands of the Sioux; the scouts of his forces have penetrated the fields of the Pottawotomies and the Kansas, and his army of emigrants, following in their track, has crossed to the Pacific, established itself there, and opened

a constant communication between it and the Atlantic. He has brought his commercial marine to the second, and nearly to the first rank in the world; he has made his country the principal cotton and a permanent corn-growing state; he has covered it with a network of railways; he has founded a manufacturing power, which begins to compete with the wealthy and skilful establishments of Europe; he has discovered boundless fields of coal and iron, of lead and copper, and has possessed himself of rich tracts of gold, which enable him to open and use them all; he has increased his family sixfold, and his annual income fifteenfold, and finds few paupers on his estates except those sent in by less fortunate landlords; he has built houses and barns, and planted fat orchards and rich corn-fields for his family, and has founded schools and educated teachers for his children. What wonder that he feels a little pride and more conceit!

These fruits, however, though great, are entirely material; and if the energy of a free and vigorous people is to end in money-getting and the worship of Mammon,—if a fevered struggle in a business city is to be the object of the young men's life, and the reputation of wealth their ambition,—if arts are not to gild, letters soften, and the love of country pursuits chasten social life,—better would it be for them, when there are no more fields to be subdued, and when unemployed hands shall be stretched out for bread, that they had never risen from the cradle of their political infancy. In the rapidity of their "development" the Americans have had little time for the elegant idleness of European society. Every man's shoulder has been wanted at the wheel of the social car. But now wealth, cultivation, travel, and the leisure afforded by emigrant labor, are producing higher results than mere material prosperity. The possessors of money are learning to love the country and its healthy pursuits. Literature has become a profession, and authors are well paid. Transatlantic sculptors have attained a European reputation, and efforts in the kindred branch of the Fine Arts are favorably known. Architects flourish among them, and have plenty to do. The national Government gives a liberal though not always judicious aid to scientific research, and publishes the results of its directions. Mont, Stansbury, Wilkes, Owen, Foster, Andrews, and Sabine have been given to the world. The Smithsonian Institution, founded at Washington on the liberal bequest of an Englishman, is laying a broad foundation for future usefulness. The generosity of the late Mr. Astor gave to New York the most liberally endowed public library in the world, which in the

course of half a dozen years has collected together nearly a hundred thousand volumes. An eminent American gentleman, connected with the first commercial house of Europe and the world, and universally respected for his intelligence and worth, has founded a similar institution in Boston. Another well-known American merchant in London has been equally liberal to his native town in Massachusetts. In all the markets of Europe the Americans are the great buyers of scarce books, by means of an agency maintained in London by the Smithsonian Institution and by private collectors, and directed by a gentleman who is always on the look-out to secure "rarities" for his countrymen.

It cannot be doubted that, versatile as they are, they will soon give the same attention to Art which they now give to more solid but less graceful matters. The incorporation into the community of so large an amount of emigration from continental cities, educated in the arts of design, and contributing by the pencil and the chisel to the national love of show, will hasten such a result. When, in no very distant day, the prairies of the Lake country and the valley of the Mississippi shall be peopled with fifty millions, gathered from all nations, but guided by the English race and governed by English traditions; when the slopes of the Alleghanies and the Green Mountains shall be covered with sheep, and their valleys filled

with the best bred stock; when the plains of the South shall be entirely devoted to the production of cotton (let us hope without the curse of slavery); when the higher and more delicate branches of manufactures shall have taken root in Massachusetts, and the mechanical arts found a firmer stay in Pennsylvania; when the white man shall have driven the buffalo from the fields which each setting sun shadows with the peaks of the Rocky Mountains; when cities shall fringe the Pacific, towns line the banks of the Oregon, and farms dot the surface of California and the valley of the Willamette; when skill shall have subdued the mineral wealth of Lake Superior; when commerce shall whiten every lake and ascend every river of the country, and shall carry its productions to every clime; when railroads shall unite the Atlantic with the Pacific, and bring every part of this vast nation into close contact with every other; when opulence shall have given a home to Art in their cities, and Literature shall have created the traditions which they lack; what a spectacle may they not present to the world if, despising the allurements of ambition, and disregarding the erroneous advice of interested leaders, they are content to reap the rewards of their peaceful industry, and to enjoy the blessings which Providence places within their reach!

TASTE IN DWELLINGS.—In designs intended to cover floors or walls, where a large surface is to be at once presented to the eye, several other conditions are to be attended to; and what may look well in one place, may become offensive in another. Thus the size of patterns must depend on the dimensions of the place where they are to be introduced; and a large pattern in a small chamber takes off from its size and makes it appear still smaller. Lines, again, are poor and monotonous if repeated over an extensive surface; striped curtains can only find an excuse when intended to give height to a low room; cross-lines and spots are offensive and fatigue the eye; and the imitation of architecture, on a floor, offends the sight as well as common sense. Above all, the ornamental decorations of every space should be so devised as to appear a complete design made for that very purpose, and not a fragment forced to fit it, as in our carpets and wall-papers—where the pattern, being cut through the middle, looks as if the rest passed under the wall to the next room. The difficulty is easily overcome by having a border so adapted to it as to correspond with the pattern along the whole outer edge, and to complete the design. Nor should a papered wall be covered over with Gothic tracery, parts of buildings, or battles; and a *Chasse de Fontainebleau*, or similar scenes, as on a French wall, are equally vulgar and tasteless. The same may be said of animals, ships, buildings, or landscapes on drapery

and furniture, or on trays and similar articles of use; and the mixtures of designs, as flowers with scroll-work, or with architectural details, offend against true principles of taste, and are rendered still more monstrous when the flowers are above life-size.—*The Builder*.

INDIAN MUSLIN.—By the *Gentoo Accounts*, it appears that the manufactures in Bengal were formerly incomparably finer than they are at present; so that they must have fallen off under the Company. There was a sort of muslin, called *Abrooan*, which was manufactured solely for the use of the emperor's *seraglio*, a piece of which costing 400 rupees, or £50 sterling, is said to have weighed only five *Sicca* rupees; and, if spread upon wet grass, to have been scarcely visible. They amuse us with two instances of the fineness of this cloth; one, that the Emperor *Aurengzebe* was angry with his daughter, for her showing her skin through her clothes; whereupon the young princess remonstrated, in her justification, that she had seven *jamahs* or suits on; and another, that in the *Nabob Alaverdy Khawn's* time, a weaver was chastised, and turned out of the city of *Decca*, for his neglect, in not preventing his cow from eating up a piece of the same sort of muslin, which he had spread, and carelessly left on the grass.—*Lauderdale (on the Government of India)*.

From the Correspondent of the Times.

COLONIZATION OF KANSAS.

BOSTON, August 16.

THE persons who accompanied the first party of the Massachusetts Emigration Company to Kansas have returned, and made a favorable report of the expedition, and a new party is now about starting to join the colony. It seems that they passed in safety through the dangers of cholera and the yet greater dangers of railways and steamboats, and after ascending the Missouri River, to the mouth of the Kansas, (which is on the western boundary of the State of Missouri), ascended the Kansas River some 40 miles, to a spot which struck them as favorable for the foundation of their new city, and proceeded to "locate" their claims, pitch their tents, build their cabins, and settle. I gave in my last letter some account of the reasons which had led to this enterprise, and will now endeavor to state its plan, and the results which it proposes to accomplish. The eyes of the whole country are now fixed upon it with interest.

When the passage of the Kansas Bill was made certain, the advocates of free labor over slave labor gave up the question as lost, until this scheme was devised. The Massachusetts Legislature was then in session, and application was made to it for a charter for an incorporated company, to be called the Massachusetts Emigrant Aid Company, "for the purpose of assisting emigrants to settle in the west." The company were authorized to hold capital stock to an amount not to exceed five millions of dollars, to be divided into shares of 100 dollars each, of which not more than four dollars were to be assessed during the present year. The company met and were organized, and proceeded to operate with a capital of two hundred thousand dollars. They appointed an efficient committee, and marked out a plan of operations, of which the following is the substance:—

The last census demonstrated what all persons familiar with America knew before, that there is a double migration going on in this country—the emigration of European peasantry, artisans, and tradespeople to America, and the migration of native born Americans from the east to the west. The foreign arrivals in the country during the year 1853 amounted to 400,777; the movement of both natives and foreigners during the same period to the west is estimated by the Emigrant Aid Company at over 200,000. I am inclined to think that, unless it has been checked from causes unknown to me, it has been still greater. They propose to take both classes, and to plant in the territories of the United States, and for this purpose have begun with the native population. The pioneer colony consisted of 30

young men, in the prime of life, in good health, and skilled in labor. All population of this kind is necessarily hostile to slavery, and go out with the purpose of becoming voters, that they may prevent that institution from finding a legal foothold there. To aid them in this object many kindred societies have been formed elsewhere, of which the largest is in New York, with a capital of \$5,000,000, to be distributed in very small shares, to enable every artisan and every opponent of slave labor who chooses to aid in the work. Throughout Western New York and Ohio, leagues have been formed having in view simply assisting emigrants in getting to Kansas; but the Massachusetts and New York Companies have larger and more purely business ends in view. They are, as to the emigrants, only a forwarding company. They furnish them with no money or aid; on the contrary, they receive from them pay for transporting them to their new homes, and they have made such arrangements with the railways and steamboat companies as enable them to do this work with greater expedition and cheaper than any other company can do it. They also propose to become a land company, and when any colony transported by them shall "locate" a village, they will at the same time "locate" a section, or a half or quarter section, as the case may be, which they will retain to grow in value as the place shall advance in population. From this cause they anticipate that there will be a return of their money to them—that the philanthropic bread cast upon the waters will return to them in the shape of comfortable dividends. Thus they have in the pioneer Worcester colony located for themselves the best water-right lands in the projected city, amounting in all to 160 acres, which they think will in a few months become valuable from the numbers that they will bring there. In a month from this time they say they will have placed 1,000 young men in the settlement, and they promise, before snow and ice block up travel, to carry 20,000 to Kansas. Even allowing for exaggeration, the scheme is on a magnificent scale, and would probably never have been called into existence had it not been for excited political feeling. It is rather extraordinary that some of the more prominent men in it were two years since the most violent advocates of the Fugitive Slave Law.

Their plans in regard to foreign emigration are still more extensive. They propose nothing less than to control it. They are building for themselves a line of packets entirely for their use. They then propose to establish agencies throughout Europe in the manner of the present agencies, who shall sell tickets not only for America (as at present), but for any part of the western country to which the

purchasers may desire to go. Thus with a ticket obtained at Mannheim, or Hamburg, or Cork, the German or Irish peasant will, as they anticipate, be able to go in comfort and at a reasonable expense from his home in Europe to the farthest west of America, where, planted on land near the possessions of the company, he will by his industry soon repay more than any possible loss the company may suffer in his transportation; and they think that when the completeness of their arrangements shall be known, and the emigrants shall be made to comprehend that they are saved from the hands of sharpers during their whole route, the whole movement will fall into their channel. One of the worst features of the present system is the runners who meet the emigrants on their arrival. Their comfort and safety at sea are reasonably provided for by salutary laws; but before leaving, and on arrival, although well watched and guarded by the Emigration Commissioners, and the various national societies, they are undoubtedly subjected to all manner of impositions. This the new company promise to avoid. They will then, they say, take them on arrival, and forming them into companies of 200 each, will carry them to their new homes. There they will have, at least while the country is in its rough state, boarding-houses ready to receive them, capable of accommodating them till they shall be distributed. They will send forward steam saw and grist mills, to meet the first wants of the settlement, which will be leased at moderate rates to the new comers, and will also, as soon as circumstances will permit, see to the establishment of a newspaper. The only condition they ask of those whom they propose to aid (and I am not sure that even this condition is to be made) is, that they will advocate and support free labor in preference to slave labor. Such is this scheme, so far as it is developed. It is certainly one of the most gigantic ever conceived. In its primary aspect of an opposition to slavery, and a combined movement to make Kansas free, it is regarded with favor in the North, and with distaste at the South, but will probably secure its object. Indeed, it has probably already settled the question, since the owners of slaves will now hesitate before bringing their property into a land where there is great danger that they will be stripped of it by popular vote. The very spot on which the Worcester colony is located had been selected by a Missourian as the site for a plantation, but when he arrived there with his negroes and found these young men on the spot full of hostility to the institution, he wisely turned his back, and crossed over into the State where his property was safe. The designs of the anti-slavery leaders of the movement go beyond Kansas even.

They profess that they will not only make Kansas free and colonize New Mexico with free laborers, but that they will plant colonies in Virginia, where large tracts can be bought for little money, and in Missouri, where they can enter lands directly from the Government, and that they will so fill up these States with the anti-slavery element that they shall become favorable to emancipation. It is difficult to say how much of this is gasconade and how much is real. If they have any such purpose in view, they will have difficulties before them that they do not encounter in Kansas. They will have not only to overcome the decidedly proslavery sentiment prevailing in these States, but also to provide some means of remuneration to the owners in case of immediate emancipation, or some means of fitting the blacks for freedom, in case of a gradual disenthralment. Either of these is a serious obstacle to get over. Whether their plan of operations will or will not be extended so far, even when limited to Kansas, it has great interest for the people of the United States. It is the first time that the two classes of labor have been so directly brought in conflict with each other, and on the result is to depend whether a new slave-breeding State is to be brought into the Union. The demand for raw cotton has brought land under cultivation more rapidly than negroes could be furnished for it, the African slave trade being abolished. Consequently, field hands, who were worth formerly \$500 or \$600 each, now command \$1,000 or \$1,200; and, though it is said that the dispersion of the same number of negroes over a greater territory would not make them reproduce faster, I think that the laws of population show the contrary. The addition of Kansas to the number of slave States would not only increase the political power of that section of the Union, but would probably also ultimately reduce the value of slaves to the cotton States. The Louisiana delegation seem to have been of a contrary opinion, and therefore opposed the bill in Congress; but I am inclined to think that they were mistaken.

As to the effect of the company on foreign emigration, I am inclined to think that they overestimate their power. It is not easy to divert the channels of any business after they are well established; and the course of no business is better established than that of the European emigration to this country. It is in the hands of leading and responsible houses, enjoying the confidence of European authorities, who receive the emigrants through their agents at various stations throughout Ireland and in the Rhine country, and superintend their transport with care and humanity. It will not be easy to persuade the public to abandon them. Many of the emigrants also,

especially Germans, are tradespeople, who wish to remain in the great Atlantic and Mississippi towns, and who consequently will not be willing to come out under charge of a company interested in carrying them into the new country. And perhaps a still greater difficulty lies in the settled hostility between native and foreign labor, which found vent eight years ago in native Americanism, and which is now expressed by "know nothingism." The whole "know nothing" movement, which now threatens to upset all political organizations, is only the expression of aversion to foreign labor. It takes the higher form of a religious warfare against Roman Catholicism, but it is in reality only the outcry of native labor, on finding itself pressed by foreign competition. As these new territories are to be filled up mostly by young laborers (using the word in its most extended sense), there is little probability that they will escape from the influence of this feeling; and it is not difficult to imagine what would be the effect of pouring in upon them much of the foreign element.

The career of Mr. Thayer, the originator of the Massachusetts Emigrant Aid Company, is a remarkable instance of perseverance. Until 19 years of age he was a laborer upon a little farm in the interior of Massachusetts. He then conceived the idea of educating himself, and, tying his few clothes in a cotton handkerchief, he placed the bundle on a canal-boat, and walked to the terminus of the canal, where he reclaimed the bundle, and continued his walk some miles further, to a neighboring village, where was situated a school of preparation for the University. Supporting himself there by manual labor, and sleeping at first in a garret, he so fitted himself as to be able to pass examination in all but mathematics, and was admitted to Brown University on condition of bringing himself up in that branch before the end of the first term. There being two spare days before the beginning of term, he stripped off his coat and hired himself to dig post-holes, by which he earned enough to buy a bed and a table, and a chair for his room, and the few books he would immediately want. In this way, also, he went through the University, and, though entirely unaided, graduated at the close with high honors, and with some £50 in his pocket. With this he began life as a school teacher some eight or ten years since, and is now the possessor of a handsome competency, and at the head of the most remarkable American movement of the age.

From the Times, 28 Aug.

SHIPS AGAINST GRANITE.

A GREAT question of modern warfare was opened with the commencement of the pre-

sent hostilities. The arts of offence and defence had both experienced what were considered very signal improvements. On the one hand, ships were not only moved by steam, but were so moved, through the employment of the screw, without exposure of their machinery to hostile shot. In addition to this, the power of marine Batteries had been prodigiously augmented, and it might be said without exaggeration that a three-decker of the present day was, from the concentration no less than the weight of her broadsides, full three times as formidable as a vessel of the same rate in the times of Nelson and Jervis. Our steamers, too, carried pivot guns of a range and calibre unknown before, so that altogether, we seemed to dispose of a force almost irresistible. On the other hand, a system of fortification had been adopted by Russia which, if not absolutely novel, was at any rate carried to an extraordinary degree of perfection. Its character involved some return to the usages of more ancient times. Reliance was again placed on the height and solidity of stone walls and bastions; foundations of living rock were surmounted by enormous blocks of granite, and tier over tier of heavy artillery menaced instant destruction from behind the impregnable rampart of stone. Now, which of these two systems was to prevail—the new walls or the new shot—the defence or the attack—the floating battery or the granite fort? The result involved the solution of two distinct questions; first, whether fortifications of this description were destructible at all; and next, whether, if they were destructible, a ship could withstand the fire of their guns long enough to destroy them with her own?

Without venturing to say that these points have been yet decided, we do think that the evidence of a character at least partially conclusive has been furnished by the recent capture of the Russian forts at Bomarsund. The offensive and defensive systems were here fairly pitted against each other. Bomarsund was a fortified place of the first order—not, of course, as extensive or as formidable as Cronstadt or Sebastopol, but differing from these strongholds in size only, and constructed in all respects upon the principles we have been describing;—in fact the works were some of the most recent erected by the Russian Government. There was a principal fort, and two smaller ones, mounting in the whole, we believe, nearly 200 guns. For the attack we had all the resources of the combined fleets in the Baltic, but the means actually employed were very limited. In the communications of our own correspondent they are circumstantially specified as follows:—1st, 100 Chasseurs (Artillery), with three mortars and three field pieces, and 600 Riflemen; 2d, 100 British sailors and 60 Marine Artillerymen, with

three 32-pounders, four 12lb. howitzers, and aided by 200 Marines, employed in skirmishing; 3d, 20 British sailors with one 10-inch gun in battery by itself. This was the sum total of the land force engaged. Of the ships we are told that the steamers fired none but their pivot guns (two to each), with the exception of the Edinburgh and Ajax, which brought four upper deck guns to bear. No broadside batteries were brought to bear at all.

Now, what was the result of this experiment? What the performance of these comparatively few guns against the granite walls of Bomarsund? Why, that the ramparts of rock were knocked to atoms, and the impregnable fortress, with its garrison of 2,300 men, taken at the cost of only 22 lives to the allied forces! The description of the aspect presented by the forts after capitulation is instructive in the extreme. In the second round tower, says our correspondent, "the breach made by Captain Ramsay's battery (that of the three 32-pounders), firing at 800 yards, across an inlet, was something terrific. *The whole west side had literally fallen away, and eight men abreast could have entered thereby.* This breach was effected in nine hours." Of the great fort itself, we are told that, "Under the walls of this huge fortification the ground was completely bestrewn with 84lb. shot, broken shells, grape and canister, intermixed with enormous sheets of iron that had been dislodged from the roof, and the granite walls had been broken away in thousands of places." The Governor of the fort, himself declared that the 10-inch gun (Captain Pelham's) and the 32lb. battery (Captain Ramsay's) had rendered his chance of holding out longer quite hopeless. Here, therefore, is a strong fort of the new character absolutely battered to pieces by some score of guns or so, and the power of shot against stone so plainly exemplified that it seems difficult to raise any further question upon the point. If ships themselves can but resist the fire of the shore batteries they can soon demolish them, however strongly constructed.

On this second point, however, evidence still remains to be supplied. The fighting at Bomarsund was all on our own side, nor had the Russians much to do, except to stand and be beaten. The steamers, with their heavy pivot guns, anchored out of range of the fort, besides which the fire of the French Riflemen was so deadly and so well sustained, that the Russians could hardly work their artillery. Such a shower of bullets, it is said, was poured into the embrasures, that 10 or 15 minutes frequently elapsed after a discharge before the enemy could stand to their guns to load again. Our list of casualties, indeed, is sufficient in itself to show that we could not have been ex-

posed to any heavy cannonade, and that the trial was more of giving than taking. We are still therefore left in doubt as to the relative means of offence possessed by heavy ships and granite batteries, but there are two or three considerations which seem to tell against the latter. Assuming that a discharge from 200 or 300 embrasures must be tremendous, yet the smoke arising from such a fire must be almost enough to smother the gunners in their casemates, not to mention the effects of the return broadsides against the walls. In such a smoke all aim must be lost, and, as ships are moveable objects, the offensive power of the batteries must be almost destroyed for the time, whereas it seems now clear that an hour or two's firing would give all the superiority to the assailants. If a fort like that at Bomarsund was so knocked about by four guns in battery, and the pivot guns of a few steamers, what must be the effect of a dozen concentrated broadsides from twenty huge ships of the line? It almost stands to reason that the granite, however solid, would be shattered to pieces. To take a fair example, let us suppose that half-a-dozen three-deckers, including the Duke of Wellington, had been laid alongside the great fort at Bomarsund, so that the batteries on both sides were within range of each other. Would the 100 guns of the fort have demolished the ships before the 300 guns of the ships had beaten the fort about the ears of its garrison? We confess we can hardly think so. We are not complaining that this course should not have been adopted. Undoubtedly the best system of action was that which would leave least to chance and involve least peril of life. If other forts can be taken in like manner by a couple of sailors' batteries and a battalion of Riflemen, by all means let such satisfactory practice be continued; but in cases where such tactics are less feasible, and wooden walls must needs be set against stone walls, we think our apprehensions respecting the invincible strength of granite may be considerably modified by the recollections of Bomarsund.

From The Times, 1 Sept.

THE CHANGE IN IRELAND.

WHAT will Ireland be twenty years hence? Twenty years ago it was a country which baffled every statesman, which embarrassed every government, which bewildered every philanthropist, and which drove every politician to despair. When people reasoned about the matter they detected, or seemed to detect, a variety of causes for this deplorable result. It was said that both the central and municipal governments of the island were conducted on vicious principles, that the corporations were

corrupt, and that a system of oppressive partiality pervaded the viceregal administrations. How, it was asked, could a country be either tranquil or prosperous when governed with a preference for one of two religious sects? In other quarters it was averred that these very religious differences were, in themselves, the true source of Ireland's evils; and that, until the antagonism of Papists and Protestants could be modified or extinguished, there was no hope for Irish progress. A third opinion pointed to the institution of an Irish Poor Law as a panacea for all these troubles; for nothing less, it was said, would teach landlords their duty and laborers their rights, and thus introduce some better principles into social life. Nor were there wanting speculations of a more despairing character. It was urged by some that the innate propensities of Irishmen were sufficient to account for all the miseries of Ireland; and that a people naturally improvident, reckless, destitute of self-control, and totally unamenable to the salutary restraints of law, must always, and of necessity, be more or less miserable.

Such were some of the theories hazarded twenty years ago respecting the state and prospects of Ireland; and it is striking in the extreme to observe how, by a combination of human enactments, with the inscrutable dispensations of PROVIDENCE, these real or presumed sources of Ireland's evils have been successively dealt with. Impartiality has been introduced into Irish government, "Protestant ascendancy" has been abolished, Orangemen and Ribbonmen have been proscribed together, party spirit has been everywhere discountenanced, and remedies for other grievances were earnestly sought in Irish Registration Bills and Irish Poor Laws. These were human efforts; but with them were conjoined events of a more awful character. If there was indeed anything in the population of Ireland beyond reach of improvement, that population was soon to be dispersed. After famine and fever had slain their hundreds of thousands, there suddenly arose such an irresistible passion for emigration that the island was emptied, in a year or two, of countless numbers of its inhabitants. The "exodus," as it is termed, commenced, and a migration like that of primeval tribes has been maintained, almost without cessation, to this very hour. If it is continued at the present rate, Ireland will soon be without Irishmen, and all difficulties arising from the national character will disappear under the process of exhaustion.

Yet there still remained one evil to be grappled with—an evil which had, indeed, been represented as the fundamental evil of all. When Miss Martineau, some few years back, was recapitulating these various theories respecting Ireland's misfortunes, she pointed, in

conclusion, to the broad deduction that the chief difficulty of all—that which lay at the bottom of every other—was the insecurity of the title to Irish land. It was this insecurity, originating primarily, perhaps, in the confiscations to which Irish soil had been subjected, but aggravated by every species of improvidence on the part of Irish landlords, which put all classes in a false position together, and prevented at once the investment of capital, the distribution of money, and the recognition of reciprocal duties and rights. Irish land was held in very large estates, by proprietors whose incomes were in many cases little more than nominal, who were hopelessly overwhelmed by encumbrances, and who were nevertheless unable to effect either a clearance or a sale. The consequence was that, being without any interest in the good management of the property, they gave themselves up to a reckless enjoyment of what they could snatch out of the fire, while the peasantry, settled on small holdings incapable of improvement, and barely sufficient to support life, were but too ready to follow the example of their superiors.

For this tremendous and, as it seemed, almost incurable evil an effectual remedy has, at length, been found in the Encumbered Estates Court. The operations of this court have restored Irish land to its proper value, and called an active and serviceable proprietary into being. Real, responsible proprietors have been substituted for nominal owners, a large amount of fresh capital has been poured into the country, and a reorganization of society is being gradually accomplished. Irish landlords are now becoming a class competent to the performance of their natural duties; and, as the old conditions of tenancy are improved at the same time, there will soon, we hope, be a general uniformity of agricultural well-doing on both sides of St. George's Channel. There was, perhaps, no point on which the difficulties of Ireland presented a more desperate prospect than on this; and yet, through the simple and expeditious operation of a well-considered measure, a condition of hopeless embarrassment has been exchanged for one of the most cheering and extensive improvement.

The reader will probably remember the nature of the institution which has acted with such surprising success. The "Encumbered Estates Court" was a court established with a very compendious machinery, and at a very small expense, for facilitating the transfer of encumbered Irish property, by prompt and summary process. The leading feature of its character was this: that all sales of land effected under its operation carried with them a valid and unimpeachable title to the estate transferred. Whatever might have been the

encumbrances or embarrassments previously subsisting, whatever the original unsoundness of claim, all was superseded from that time forth by a new title, to which no exception whatever could be afterwards taken. By this regulation, innumerable charges were avoided, difficulties otherwise almost insuperable were surmounted in a moment; and so attractive was the prospect presented, that purchasers at reasonable prices have never been found lacking. Irish land was always as good as English land, except for its title, and its disparity in this respect was now removed. Some idea may be formed of the enormous operations of the court from the fact that, up to Midsummer last, the gross proceeds of the sales effected through its agency exceeded thirteen millions sterling, while property to a vast amount still remains for adjudication. At first the cry of confiscation was raised against the new establishment; but the actual results soon silenced all remonstrance, and it was found that the prices obtained for estates were at least equal to those which could, under the most favorable circumstances, have otherwise realized. So manifest, in short, have been the advantages of the measure now become, that even in those quarters where the greatest hostility was felt towards its authors, the Court is plainly acknowledged, as our Irish intelligence will show, to be a most beneficial institution. We trust that the consequences may indeed serve to complete the regeneration of Ireland; and that, with a responsible proprietary and a well employed population, that country may at length be assimilated, in its tranquillity and its prosperity, to the remainder of the British islands.

From The Times, 8 Feb.

LITERATURE FOR THE PEOPLE*

SIR John Herschel has declared that "if he were to pray for a taste which should stand him in stead under every variety of circumstances, and be a source of happiness and cheerfulness to him through life, and a shield against its ills, however things might go amiss, and the world frown upon him, it would be a taste for

reading." Give a man, he affirms, that taste, and the means of gratifying it, and you cannot fail of making him good and happy; for you bring him in contact with the best society in all ages, with the tenderest, the bravest, and the purest men who have adorned humanity, making him a denizen of all nations, a contemporary of all times, and giving him practical proof that the world has been created for him, for his solace, and for his enjoyment. We all hold the reasoning to be sound, but we are apt to limit the scope of the humane and intelligent recommendations. If the argument be just, it is of universal application, and holds good of the weaver at his loom, of the peer in his library, and of the student in his "pensive citadel." Wherever the book has made its way, there have come also, in some degree, consolation, self-respect, dignity, and comfort, and thence have been chastised some of those worst foes to our well-being—the offspring of ignorance and unreflecting self-indulgence. If this be the fact, it is surely the duty of society to extend the blessing of education to the remotest corners of the empire, and to convey it to the lowest depths. Most unquestionably would it seem to the interest of publishers and booksellers to create the taste for reading wherever gloom now prevails, and to make markets for wares which, as far as they are concerned, are manufactured for consumption, as cotton prints in Manchester and hardware in Birmingham. The publishers—that is, the most influential among them,—are, strange to say, of a different opinion. As we are advised, the great houses do not go along with us in our advocacy of cheap literature, and in the conviction we entertain of the soundness of the principle which advocates the publication of the best books at the lowest price for the largest number of readers.

As often as Sir John Herschel came out of the Great Exhibition in 1851 he must have been struck, grieved, and perplexed by one singular contradiction. He had been mingling with a crowd of 70,000 persons. Day after day this number thronged the great glass-house in order to make themselves acquainted with its marvellous contents. The multitude was a mixed one. He brushed past the Duke of Wellington, and had to make way for the humblest mechanic. Here came a lady of the land, and at her side was a peasant's wife, sent up for a day's holiday, and franked by her husband's employer. The interest which the whole vast assemblage took in the unprecedented spectacle must have satisfied the looker-on that intelligence was at work, and that the prevailing feeling was an honest and anxious desire for information and instruction. If Sir John had called, on his way to Hyde Park, in Albemarle-street, he would have ascertained from one of the leading publishers of our

* *Gibbon's Rome*, with *Variorum Notes*: Bohn's British Classics.—Bohn, 1854.

Weale's Series of Rudimentary Works for Beginners.

The English Cyclopædia. Conducted by Charles Knight. London, Bradbury and Evans.

The Museum of Science and Art. Edited by Dr. Lardner. London, Walton and Maberly, 1854.

Murray's British Classics. Goldsmith's Works. Edited by Peter Cunningham, 1854.

Illustrated Natural History. By the Rev. J. G. Wood. London, Routledge, 1853.

The Illustrated London Spelling Book. Nathaniel Cook. London, 1853.

time that the steps taken by the chief surveyors of our literature to meet this living and visible thirst for knowledge are really of the most puerile and inefficient kind. It was a fact that 70,000 individuals daily pressed into that building, seeking amusement, and something more. It was a fact, also, and it continues a fact to this hour, that the average edition of works sent forth by our principal publishers varies from 500 to 1,500 copies, and that the sale of 1,500 of a new work is really considered a triumphant speculation. Was there ever such a contrast?

In answer to the astonishment created by so painful a revelation, we are seriously told that it is impossible to sell books generally at a small price in quantities sufficiently large to remunerate publisher, bookseller, and author, and that, in self-defence, these three parties are forced to content themselves with the sales of a very small number of volumes, at a price within reach only of those who buy their books as they do their plate—by way of ornament and luxury. We meet the assertion with a distinct denial. We assert, and we shall submit strong proof of the assertion before we close, that provided a book has merit, and is properly brought before the public eye, it may be sold for a sum within the means of all our reading classes (they now extend from the highest to the lowest), and will find purchasers in numbers large enough to satisfy all the demands which author and publisher can reasonably make. The want of courage exhibited by the writers and venders of books must not constitute a charge against the thousands who are eager enough to become purchasers on fair and moderate terms.

The history of publications is in itself sufficient to prove the unsoundness of the position held by the great publishing houses. The tendency towards cheap and portable literature has been increasing steadily during the last 50 years until the present moment, when a most decided impetus has been given to the onward movement. As long ago as the days of Tonson portable editions of popular authors were ventured upon; but the taste of that period was so decidedly for folios, quartos, and octavos, as for heavy waggons and other weighty matters, that it was found impossible to break through the prejudice. It took much time even to displace the quarto, as the library standard, in favor of the octavo; nor was the innovation submitted to at last without a becoming struggle. After Tonson, the attempts at cheap literature were few and far between; and such honest endeavors as were made, if we except Bell's *British Poets*, published in 1780, and one or two other works, proved invariably unsuccessful. At the commencement of the present century, however, the publishing system became susceptible of great amelioration.

Cooke's pocket editions led the way; these were followed closely by the publications of Walker, Suttaby, and Sharpe, all competing neck and neck, both in size and price, although Walker's editions, published at sums varying from 2s. 6d. to 5s., finally took the lead, and were advantageously adopted as common property by the associated trade. Walker in time made way for Dove, a cheaper rival, whose *British Classics* many of us remember as they first appeared.

At the beginning of the second quarter of the century, we could boast of a significant stride. In 1825, Constable's *Miscellany* commenced at 3s. 6d. a volume. These volumes contained about as much matter as our cheap publishers now furnish for a shilling; they were, however, carefully edited, and were not, like their cheap predecessors, mere reprints, but, for the most part, original publications. Constable's *Miscellany* was a decided success. It appeared every month, and reached eighty volumes. Its greatest use was in stimulating enterprise and in bringing similar works into the field from other quarters. In 1829, the effect of its salutary example was witnessed on many sides. It was then we had the *Waverly Novels*, at 5s. a volume, selling 23,000 copies at starting; the *Family Library*, at 5s., by Mr. Murray; *Lardner's Cabinet Cyclopædia*, at 6s., by Messrs. Longman; and the *Library of Entertaining Knowledge*, at 4s. 6d., by Mr. Charles Knight; while the *Library of Useful Knowledge* was, at the same time, in full career, selling to the extent of 11,000 a fortnight. Mr. Valpy brought up the rear with his *Family Classical Library*, at 4s. 6d., and his *Illustrated Shakspeare*, at 5s. a volume, which sold 10,000 and upwards a month. In 1832 came forth the *Edinburgh Cabinet Library*. This publication would seem to have exhausted the prodigious effort that had been made in favor of cheap and portable literature during the preceding seven years. Now came a lull, though the inundation, like all floods, subsided gradually. Thus, in 1832, Byron appeared in 17 monthly volumes, at 5s. each; in 1833, Croker's *Boswell*, 10 volumes, also 5s. each; and in 1844, Southey's *Cowper*, 15 volumes, at the same stereotyped figure. With Southey, we believe, the flood ceased altogether for the time. All these works had a considerable sale and circulation; and, for the space of ten years, the fruitful tide did not again overflow the land.

In 1844, however, Mr. Charles Knight took a position which, to speak truth, merited a much better reward than we fear he has found. He left all competitors far behind, by issuing shilling volumes of an infinitely higher character than any ever published in this country at a similar price. Among the most popular of the series were: *Lord Brougham's Statesmen*, *Lewis's History of Philosophy* *Craik's History*

of Literature and Learning, Planché's History of Costume, and Mrs. Jameson's History of Painting. Twenty thousand copies of many of these shilling volumes were sold; and, for a while, the publication was eminently successful. Why Mr. Knight did not profit largely by the speculation, is a problem yet to be solved. One thing is certain: good books that have failed under the control of Mr. Knight, have proved profitable speculations as soon as they have passed into other hands. In 1844, also, Mr. Murray issued his Home and Colonial Library, at 2s. 6d. the part, or 6s. the volume—an admirable and most instructive series of works—and Messrs. Whitaker started a popular library, very cheap but very bulky and inconvenient for the reader, who did not, accordingly, largely patronize the undertaking.

The most vigorous move of the century was undoubtedly that made by Mr. Bohn in 1846. The volumes issued by Mr. Bohn regularly since that time already amount to upwards of 300—they are still appearing at the rate of five or six volumes a month, and they constitute in themselves a library with which exclusively any man might be content to endow his son. These books, varying in price from 3s. 6d. to 5s., are either valuable reprints of standard works or translations of ancient and modern authors. The merit of some of the earliest translations is questionable; but, upon the whole, we are bound to admit that great care has been devoted to the getting up of those very interesting publications, and that few men have done so much for the wide extension of sound and solid literature, or towards providing wholesome literary fare, on terms accessible to thousands, as Mr. Bohn.—His edition of Gibbon's Roman Empire, at 3s. 6d. a volume, now before us, is a most complete work, full of important notes and valuable scholarship. His Addison also, at 3s. 6d. a volume, and containing many steel engravings, is a work fit for any bookshelf. When completed, in 4 volumes, it may be purchased for 14s. The price of the former edition of Addison, in 6 octavo volumes, was exactly £4. We must not forget that the speedy termination of Mr. Bohn's wild project was prophesied by the publishers of London almost as soon as it was set on foot. After eight years' experience, Mr. Bohn is more in earnest than ever, for he finds that persistence in a sound policy is insuring final and substantial reward.

In April, 1846, an Irish printing firm, Messrs. Simms and McIntyre, started the Parlor Novelist, in shilling volumes, giving the substance of three ordinary volumes in one.—The matter was very poor, but the sale was large on account of the price. In 1847 the title of the volumes was changed to that of Parlor Library. The contents of the books were decidedly better, 20,000 volumes a month

were sold; the projectors realized a fortune and retired, making over their business to another bookseller in Paternoster-row. In 1848 Mr. Routledge, hitherto a dealer in sold-off books, witnessing the success of the cheap booksellers, came into the arena as a publisher. He started the Railway Library, in the very same form as the Parlor Library, and, meeting with instant success, soon contrived to get ahead of his predecessor, and to extend his operations in every direction. The books of Mr. Routledge are daily assuming a higher character, but they still look for success to a large sale, and appeal invariably to the pockets of the many.

Such is a brief history of cheap publications since the year 1800. As the reader has seen, the tendency has been continually and steadily in one direction, but it has not yet been adopted by the great houses, who refuse to go with the stream, although they occasionally pay homage to the very principle they decline to accept as a constant rule of action. Within these few weeks Mr. Murray has published *The Ancient Egyptians*, by Sir Gardner Wilkinson, at a price which even Farringdon-street cannot outbid, and a library edition of *Goldsmith's Works*, well edited by Mr. Peter Cunningham, and beautifully printed, at 7s. 6d. per volume. The testimony thus given to the wisdom of the modern system of publication would seem to be sufficient for the purpose of its advocates, were it not that this practical proof of conviction is accompanied by the contradictory declaration that it is impossible to publish books generally at a very cheap rate if the matter contained in them is to be of a valuable and instructive kind, and if the authors of the volumes are to be properly remunerated for their copyright. Let us see what this argument is worth.

We have at our side a return of the sales of Mr. Weale's Series of Rudimentary Works.—These rudimentary works are handbooks of science, and can hardly be said to appeal to the masses of readers; their contents are decidedly "valuable and instructive," and will not be taken up by the passing traveller from the railway bookstall, to be hastily read in the carriage, and then thrown aside forever. They are most useful as a test to ascertain the very facts of which we are in search. Is there a large reading public, ready to accept good publications at a cheap rate? Must serviceable works be published at a loss if they are sold for a shilling, eighteen-pence, or two shillings? Mr. Weale has published, as a venture, 195 volumes of cheap scientific works, and has invested £55,000 in the undertaking. Is he insolvent? Has he appealed to the good sense of the public in vain? His ledger tells a very different tale. We cannot, of course, quote the sales of all these volumes; but

may briefly give an exact idea of the quantities that have passed into the hands of the public. A certain number of the volumes have actually sold to the extent of 40,000 copies; others to the amount of 30,000; while the rest have reached a sale 14,000. As specimens of the books which have acquired the largest amount of approbation, we may quote Rudimentary Chemistry, by Professor Fownes; Natural Philosophy, by Charles Tomlinson; Treatise on the Steam-Engine, by Dr. Lardner. All these handbooks were published at a shilling. Among those which have reached a sale of 30,000 we find Rudimentary Painting, or a Grammar of Coloring, by George Field; The Art of Constructing Cranes, by J. Glynn, and A Treatise on Tubular and Girder Bridges,—these also at a shilling each. Under the third class come—A Practical Treatise on Music, A Treatise on Clock and Watch-making, and the Art of Repairing and constructing Common Roads,—also shilling volumes. The whole question would really seem to be answered in these returns; for here are “valuable and instructive” publications selling at the very cheapest rate, and finding a large public eager to purchase them. Moreover, Mr. Weale confesses he is satisfied with his profits, and we may conclude that the authors are not discontented with their rate of payment.

It may be alleged that the case is not yet made out; that the extensive sale of these small elementary volumes is no proof that original works of greater bulk would find a remunerative market if sold cheaply, and provided always that the author received fair pay for his labor. We must have recourse again to facts. Our established publishers of fiction, who charge a guinea and a half for a novel, consider, we believe, £150 fair remuneration to the author of the work if he have not a first class reputation. Mr. Routledge recently gave this sum for a novel containing more matter than is generally found in a work of fiction, but instead of publishing the work at a guinea and a half, he offered it for 7s. In less than a fortnight he sold 1,400 copies of the book, and a sale of 2,000 will yield him fair profit. An American writer, Miss Warner, has written a book which must have frequently met the eyes of many of our readers. It is called *Queechy*. Messrs. Nisbet, of Berner's-street, published this book at 12s. Messrs. Routledge proposed to Messrs. Nisbet, the publication of a cheap edition of this volume, and undertook to allow a handsome royalty upon every copy sold. *Queechy* was accordingly issued from Farringdon-street for 2s., and in the course of a comparatively short time no less a sum than £700 was paid over to Messrs. Nisbet by Messrs. Routledge by way of copy-

right. 62,000 copies of *Queechy* at 2s. have been sold, according to Messrs. Routledge's statement; and we can readily believe it, for, on inquiry at one railway bookstall in London, we learn the very instructive fact that; whereas only 12 copies of the 12s. edition of *Queechy* were sold at this place, as many as 10,000 have been disposed of at the smaller price.

We could crowd these columns with similar instances. Two stories by Marryat, *The Little Savage* and *The Children of the Forest*, were originally published at 10s. each; they did not sell at all. Messrs. Routledge gave £250 for the copyright of the works, and issued them at 5s. each. 10,000 copies of the two works have been sold, and the sale is still steady and most profitable. Again. Mr. Colburn, when in business, published *The Romance of War*, in 4 volumes, at £2 2s. He could not get rid of one edition. The author sold the copyright to Messrs. Routledge, and 22,000 copies of the work have since found their way into the world at 2s. each, leaving a good margin of profit for the publisher. Wood's *Natural History*, one of the most recent and best of Messrs. Routledge's publications, meets the whole question. This work has cost £650 for copyright and engravings alone; yet it is sold cheaply, like the rest of this publisher's wares, and will pay well in the long run, simply because the price finds an entrance for the book at doors that do not belong exclusively to the rich.

As we have hinted in a former article upon this subject, Messrs. Routledge form no exception to the general rule of cheap publications. The remarks applied to them may be extended to similar houses. Mr. Nathaniel Cook has issued an educational series of works at 2s. each. This series consists of manuals of the several sciences, well written and fully illustrated. Thousands of these publications have been purchased within a year and a half, and they still command, as they deserve, an extensive sale.

There is, surely, no necessity to accumulate additional facts for the maintenance of the argument. Within this very month a remarkable confirmation of the truth of our position has been given in the publication by Messrs. Walton and Maberly of the *Museum of Science and Art*, edited by Dr. Lardner, and issued in penny numbers. This series, besides affording popular but sound instruction on scientific subjects, with which the humblest man in the country ought to be acquainted, also undertakes that teaching of “common things” which Lord Ashburton and every well wisher of his kind are anxious to promote. Many thousand copies of this serviceable publication have been printed, in the belief and hope that the desire for instruction and improvement

widely prevails; and we have no fear that such enlightened faith will meet with disappointment.

We entreat, then, the attention of the chief publishing houses to the whole case. We are far from desiring that from this time forward there shall be no handsome editions of standard works—no costly literature for the luxurious and the rich. We are equally anxious to guard against the supposition that we seek to foster an iniquitous system of so-called "cheap" publication which has been brought prominently before our notice, and against which we cannot too loudly protest—namely, the system which, under the pretence of furnishing cheap periodical literature to the masses, extorts, in the long run, extravagant prices for very questionable wares from those among us who are least able to squander their earnings. We simply ask, on behalf of all classes, but especially in the interest of the great masses of the people, that the old and vicious method of proceeding shall be reversed—that, instead of commencing with editions

of a guinea, and gradually coming down in the course of years to cheap editions of 5s., all good books on their first appearance shall appeal to the needy multitude, while the requirements of the fortunate and lazier few are postponed to a more convenient season. "Give a man a taste for reading and the means of enjoying it," and you rescue him from the worst enemies with which his nature has to combat. How shall you give these blessings, if publications are maintained at so high a price that those who need information most are alone unable to procure them? If men are to be good citizens, moral and religious men, they cannot, in these days, be left a prey to ignorance. Thanks to the cheap publishers, intellectual darkness must gradually be dispersed, and the light of reason eventually illuminate many a place of gloom. But the good work may be consummated much more quickly and satisfactorily if the dignitaries of the trade will only help the movement, and give a uniform direction to efforts that are as yet partial, and difficult because unsupported.

From The Times.

LADY LEE'S WIDOWHOOD.*

THE author of this book is now as we learn, serving his country loyally and professionally against the enemy in the East. If he be as good a soldier as he is a novelist, we may safely promise his country that he will prove not the least worthy of her martial sons. We know not what may have been the early pursuits and education of Captain Hamley, but we are free to declare that had he been carefully and exclusively trained for distinction in the republic of letters, and had his mind never been occupied with other thought than that of earning by his pen the prize of the literary bays, he could hardly have produced a more charming work of fiction than that now lying before us. If all our soldiers, in time of peace, could turn their abilities to such good account, a standing army would be a ceaseless glory, not to say the most profitable of national investments. In truth, there would scarcely be laurels enough in the country to adorn the brows of heroes, at once the armed protectors of the soil, and the best benefactors of their grateful fellow citizens.

A quiet humor, an easy, graceful style, a deep, thorough, confident knowledge of human nature in its better and more degrading aspects, a delicate and exquisite appreciation of womanly character, an admirable faculty of description, and great tact, are the qualities that command the reader's interest and respect from the beginning to the end of *Lady Lee's Widowhood*. There is no effort, no straining for effect, no exaggeration whatever in the performance. We are not

invited to enter a caravan to look at monsters; nor are we called upon to examine poor human nature with the eye of a morbid anatomist. The characters described are flesh and blood; the good stand out from the evil; the former are still immeasurably below the angels, the latter excite our dislike without evoking the sense of personal shame. If we may be permitted to offer a word of advice, we would strongly recommend our novelists by profession to take a lesson from the labors of an author who temporarily forsakes his legitimate calling to become a writer of fiction for his own pleasure, and our infinite amusement. Much may sometimes be learnt from the gifted, fresh inspiration of an amateur, whether painting, music, or poetry be the object of his unsullied affection. Lord Campbell took advantage of his first hours of leisure to show us that, quill in hand, he was something better than even a *Nisi Prius* lawyer, and Capt. Hamley, without his sabretash and in his morning gown and slippers, makes it clear beyond all question that he has only to chop up his sword into steel pens in order to gain as many victories as he pleases over the hearts and minds of a countless host of readers.

The plot of *Lady Lee's Widowhood* is very simple. Her husband—whom she has married at her father's request, for the convenience of the family, rather than from any inclination of her own—leaves her a widow, with an ample fortune, at a very early age; and the two volumes of which the tale is made up contain the incidents that occur during the short interval between the death of Sir Joseph Lee and the second marriage of Lady Lee with one Captain Durham Fane. These incidents are sufficiently exciting without being violent, and, although by no means novel, or exhibiting proof of singular capacity for invention, yet are treated with so

* *Lady Lee's Widowhood*. By Edward Bruce Hamley, Captain, R.A. In two volumes. Blackwoods: Edinburgh, 1854.

delicate and masterly a hand that the highest interest is created for the actors of the drama, and the due curiosity elicited in respect of their ultimate fate. Captain Hamley's composition brings to mind the pictures of artists who, like Mulready, devote their genius to the production of what are called "cabinet" subjects. The grouping is excellent, the drawing singularly correct, the refinement and finish visible to the eye at a glance. There is nothing crowded on the canvas. Not a character is introduced which has not a part to perform, and one figure could hardly be left out of the painting without injury to the general plan. Nothing is forced, and all things are as natural as the laws of art permit.

One heroine is generally deemed sufficient for one story. Our gallant soldier has delineated three. His production is, so to speak, borne aloft by the Graces. The figures are all distinct, all dissimilar, all captivating in their several ways. Like the Graces, their arms are entwined, and the forms are far more beautiful, thus grouped, than they could possibly be withdrawn from one another's embrace. Lady Lee, with her pale oval face, her sweet matronly good sense, her perfect self-reliance and fine imagination, is a widow whom it would be sinful to continue unbled in her loneliness through three mortal volumes, and Captain Hamley very properly weds her to the best of men—and the very best is not too good for her—at the end of two. Orelia Payne, the tall dark beauty, dignified in deportment, sublime in utterance, is woman to the heart's core in all that constitutes the worth and excellence of the character. Rosa Young, plump and rosy as her name, white of skin, and blue of eye—all truth, simplicity, devotion, and nature—is a sister whom the wisest might take to his fireside with certain hope of happiness, and the dullest with assurance of instant improvement. How these several ladies are wooed and won—what tribulations they pass through—how nearly they at one time grasp felicity—how it eludes them, and then is found again, to their own great content and our unmixed satisfaction—the reader will find described at proper length, and by the cunning hand of a master, in the pages which we hereby strenuously recommend him to peruse. If he repent his labor, he is no lover of fiction; imagination has no home within him; dream world is not *his* world, even for an hour. Let him buy and sell, and rise and lie down, and live and die without the solace of light literature, and the deep, intense enjoyment which even the most practical have experienced when, escaping from the cares, anxieties, and hard realities of life, they have submitted for a season to the sorcery of some great wizard of the pen.

Some of the gentlemen who figure in *Lady Lee's Widowhood* we think we have met before. That old Colonel, who is a drinker, a gambler, and a *roué* in the hands of a sharper, still more wicked than himself, is a very old acquaintance indeed. The good, learned, and somewhat tedious curate, who loves without knowing it, and when he does know it makes nothing of it, is rather a stale dish, but we enjoy him nevertheless. The landed proprietor, who is very vulgar and purse-proud, and has grown up ignorant,

dull, and heavy as the earth from which he was dug, may be met with in any circulating library established during the last half-century. The successful lovers of our Graces—good, honest fellows, the soul of honor, and the personification of truth, of course have crossed our shadow before now, for had it not been so, what would have become of the thousand heroines we have read of, all of whom had to be mated at the end of the story with the very choicest sons of Adam? But, old friends or new, they are princely fellows, and we are the better for even one half-hour's renewal of their acquaintance. Man, notwithstanding the modern prophets, is not so close to the millennium that he has no occasion to be reminded by the privileged novelist that there are human impulses which it would be to his credit to obey, and motives of action higher far than any he can hope to find on the beaten and toilsome path of his everyday existence.

Captain Sloperton, with his unbounded good opinion of himself, his almost miraculous self-complacency, his magnificent beauty, and his thousand conquests, is a picture that should be painted without delay, for the consolation of the milliners of England. He is one of the cleverest and amusing characters in the play. Less interesting are Mr. Randy, the country gentleman's tutor, who imbibes so much brandy and water, and Miss Betsey, the housekeeper, equally partial to gin. By the way, we shall be glad when next Captain Hamley takes pen in hand, if he will be good enough to allow his naughty people to exhibit their wicked propensities otherwise than by continually swallowing large quantities of intoxicating drinks. It is easy enough for a fool to be merry in his household by making his domestics drunk, but Captain Hamley is too good a writer to have recourse to this expedient for raising a smile on the countenance of his friends. We are certain that no man would be more astonished than himself to learn the amount of alcohol consumed by his various creations throughout his admirable and clever story. No wonder that Colonel Bagot Lee dies of *delirium tremens*! Take our word for it, Captain Hamley, you, of all men, are the last that should fly to the bottle. Less gifted minds may be pardoned for availing themselves of this ready-made resource of feebleness. You are strong.

It is difficult to give the reader a taste of our author's quality; for brief intelligible extracts are not readily made from a work of fiction. A few lines, however, shall suffice to indicate the style of a true artist. Here is a picture of the joyous Rosa Young, about to take, most unwillingly, her daily shower bath. Etty might have painted this:—

Rosa, constitutionally an early riser, used to be always up before Orelia in the morning, until the latter took it into her head to have a shower bath fitted up in the closet that opened from their room. Into this she would enter every morning, with great majesty, and pull the string with no more hesitation than if she had been ringing the bell for her maid, and would subsequently emerge, all calm, and fresh, and shining. But, not content with indulging in this luxury herself, she would also in

sist upon getting it filled again for Rosa, and that was the reason why Rosa, who preferred performing her ablutions in a less terrible manner, began to be lazy of a morning, pretending to be sleepy, to be interested in a book, and other devices to while away the time, till Orelia would come and pull her out of bed. Then the little thing, all shivering and shivering, with her hair drawn into a tight knot at the back of her head, would be driven, in a sort of tottering run, towards the dreaded deluge by her imperious taskmistress, balancing herself on the rim of the bath before entering, and then, tremblingly, would stretch her hand towards the cord, in which one might suppose, from her trepidation, she had been ordered to hang herself. Then she would beg to be allowed to draw the curtains of the bath, which Orelia would by no means permit, suspecting she might in some way evade the ordeal, unless strictly watched. Then she would pretend to recollect something particular to tell Orelia, who, not to be baffled in that way, would sternly order her to tell her by-and-by, and to pull the string without further nonsense; and poor Rosa, thus detected, would get up a little shivering laugh, broken short off by the prospect of her impending and inevitable doom; and, shutting her eyes and mouth so tight that those features became mere threads in her comical little face, and putting her plump little shoulders considerably above her ears, she would hold her breath, and fumble blindly for the string, till Orelia, out of all patience, would give the fatal twitch, when a strangled shriek might be heard in the descending rush, like that of a caught mouse, and Rosa would emerge, all pink and palpitating, and glad it was over.

Said we not truly that if our Captain fights as well as he writes, the Queen will hardly boast a better soldier in her service? Bellona, send him safely back to us. We cannot spare the Russ so dear a sacrifice.

From Punch.

THE CZAR AND HIS COUSIN JONATHAN.

SCENE FROM THE RUSSIAN GENTLEMEN.

An Unfinished Drama.

SCENE.—*St. Petersburg. A Room in the Palace. The EMPEROR OF RUSSIA, the GRAND DUKE CONSTANTINE, and Dr. THOMAS COTTMAN, seated. At the elbow of each, on a malachite table, sherry cobbler. COTTMAN smoking a cigar with his heels elevated on the back of a chair.*

Emp. Yes, Doctor, in this world there are two forms
Of Government, and but two possible,
Your own, and ours. You, an enlightened people,
Are capable of self-rule; each of you
A Sovereign is whose subjects are himself.
Cottm. And Niggers.
Emp. Yes; and Niggers. But
our Russians,
Unripe for institutions such as yours,
As yet do need a master.

Cottm. I expect
There just this difference is 'tween you and we,
Yours is white Niggers, Emperor, ours is
black.

You owns more slaves than we do.

Emp.

Even so.

Cottm. And you and we are near about as
like,
As cowhide is to knout.

Emp.

And both combined—

Cottm. Will flog creation—

Grand D.

And the Britishers.

Cottm. Grand Duke, you're right. I tell you
what, Grand Duke,

You talk exactly like a reg'lar Yankee,
Though in your silks you stand but five feet
five,

You'd pass for one on Broadway—that's a fact;
Now, Emperor, hand us a cigar.

Emp.

Try these. (*Passes cigar case.*)
They're Cubas; and although the question may
Appear superfluous—Do you smoke?

Cottm.

Wal, yes,

Emperor, I rather speculate I do.

Emp. Well, Doctor, now's your time to take
your Cuba;

You shall do so; and I, in the meanwhile,
Will help myself to Turkey.

Cottm.

Here's a light!

Emp. Thanks, Doctor, for the candle you
propose

To hold to NICHOLAS.

Grand D.

Those Britishers

Would NICHOLAS corrupt to a nickname,
Whereby the miscreants do miscall my sire.
Consume the dastards!

Cottm.

Dastards, cowards, curs,
Rascals and scoundrels, loafers, possums,
'coons!

Grand D. Nation of hucksters, pedlars!

Emp.

Shopkeepers!

Cottm. The mighty Russian Eagle, I com-
pute,

At Cronstadt and Sebastopol, right slick,
Will chaw the mangy British Lion up.

Enter the GRAND DUCHESS MARIE.

Wal, Emperor, wal, Grand Duke, I call that
there

The finest gal in Europe.

Grand Duch.

Doctor, pray

How are your patients? And have you pre-
scribed

This physic for Papa and CONSTANTINE?

The Doctor his own medicina takes, I see;

So I suppose it must be rather nice.

Cottm.

Taste it, Grand Duchess.

[*Offers his glass and straw. She
takes a suck.*]

Grand Duch. Oh how very good! [*Returns
glass and straw.*]

Cottm. I'll keep that straw. I'll never part
with it:

BARNUM would give me something for the
straw

Which the Grand Duchess sucked her cobbler
through,
But he shan't have it.

Grand Duch. Go along with you!
I will not stay and let you make me vain;
Farewell, you flattering doctor.

Cottm. Wal, time flies,
The hour has come for me, likewise, to say
The word of parting, and absquatulate.
So, about Sitka?

Emp. Tell your Government
That they shall have it cheap; at their own
price;

I'll sell it at a loss, so that I may
The Yankee thorn plant in the British side.

Cottm. Wal, good bye, Emperor, and good
bye, Grand Duke;

Your message I will take to GENERAL PIERCE.
And may we strike a bargain. You, mean-
whilst,

Will lick them cussed Britishers, I hope,
Into a tarnal and immortal smash,
Whittle down all their greatness to a pint,
Scuttle their island, 'nihilate JOHN BULL,
And of his catawampous carcase leave
No more than an invisible grease-spot.

Emp. Farewell!

[*Exit.*]

Grand D. Adieu, most rich American.

Emp. There goes a gull of Anglo-Saxon
brood;

The dirty bird befouls his own nest,
Would he befouled that only! Ho, there!—
Put

The windows up and fetch a mop or broom—
In what a mess the wretch has made the room!

[*Scene closes.*]

CHINESE AMERICAN CITIZENS.

[From the New York Courier of 26 Sept. we copy and commend to our readers, a subject of great and growing importance.]

TIME is rapidly adding importance to the question of revising the naturalization laws by introducing a new and most weighty element. If the vastly increasing trans Atlantic immigration from Europe has awakened distrust of the policy of opening a free and short path to all the rights and privileges of American citizenship, the swelling trans-Pacific immigration from Asia is fast aggravating that distrust into positive disbelief of any such policy. The influx of the Chinese into California is going on at a rate far exceeding that of the Americans. They are in fact the only part of the population which is increasing. The business of shipping them from China has become a complete system; and by using old worthless hulks for the purpose, and cramming to the utmost capacity, the price of passage has been reduced to a trifle. The great mass of those who come are Coolies, heathenish, slavish, and in every sense degraded. They are hired to come for a paltry pittance by speculators at home, and their labor is essentially servile. They live among themselves, pay little regard to the usages of civilized society, are dirty in their habits, deceitful in their dealings, cannot be trusted on oath, and are addicted to every kind of petty misdeemeanors. The women which they bring with

them are all without exception of abandoned character, and are most demoralizing pests.

Now, though it is true that a considerable portion of these Chinese will remain but temporarily in the country, still tens of thousands will become permanent residents; for however low in the scale may be their state here, it is far above anything they could hope for in the over-crowded land of their nativity. The home affinities of the Asiatic are decidedly weaker than those of the European; and it is idle to expect that he will in general be less disposed to break away from the attractions which our country offers. As Chinese communities extend, of course the home-ward tendencies will diminish. There is no inducement for the lower classes of Europeans to emigrate to this country that does not apply with quite as much force to the Chinese Celestials. The latter are urged on by even greater privations and hardships, and have as reasonable a hope of bettering their condition. We must henceforth calculate upon a large and permanent and ever increasing Asiatic population upon our Pacific coasts. There is nothing now to forbid them from receiving American citizenship on the same easy terms as their fellow immigrants from Europe. Though they themselves may be indifferent to this right, it cannot be supposed that they will long escape the influences of the partisans who value their votes; or that they themselves would not soon learn to put a value upon votes after once understanding how often it is in excited elections that they are bought from those who care to sell.

It would not require very much argument to satisfy any American of the inexpediency of raising these Asiatics to the rank of American citizens. In fact it would be a matter which his pride in the institutions of his country would hardly permit him to entertain at all. To talk of dividing his sovereignty as an American freeman, and all the sacred responsibilities involved therein, with a Pagan idolater, is to insult him: but yet, he may any day, under our present naturalization system, be called upon to do it. And in fact, if he is a Democrat of the modern school, he is bound to do it. What matters it if *THE WANG* is a Pagan? Does not the *Union* every day, give out that the American Government has nothing to do with religious belief? If from the crown of his head to the sole of his foot *THE WANG* is steeped in superstition and ignorance, is it not just as intolerant to refuse him a patriotic embrace, as some one of his European antipodes who comes steeped in the same unrepugnant compound, from the sole of his foot to the crown of his head? The truth is that not the shadow of a consistent argument towards the establishing the obligation to admit the European can be assigned that does not apply equally well to the Asiatic. The commonest principles of justice require that they should all be included in the same category, and the question will, presently, have to be met on its real merits. A vast deal of declamation has been wasted upon the right of immigrants to American citizenship. The idea is absurd. It betrays an ignorance of the most elementary principles of government. There is not a nation in the world that acknowledges such a right. Our

naturalization laws confer *privileges* upon those who have no natural *claim* upon them whatever. The giving or withholding these privileges is a matter of pure discretion. And naturalization laws which perhaps were very discreet when the immigration to our shores amounted to five or six thousand annually, and those usually from the substantial classes of European population, may be just as indiscreet when applying to an immigration of half a million annually from every grade of society and description of people. The present laws have outlasted their time. A modification of some kind is urgently called for, and, however resisted by the politicians who turn them to their benefit, it must sooner or later take place. The value of American citizenship has quite reached its minimum; it will bear no more cheapening.

From Chambers's Journal.

TABLE TURNING IN CHINA.

Nor the revolution. That is a thing we have given up. When they make an end of it, one way or other, we shall be very glad to take the winner by the hand; but we would rather not look on at the game any longer. If the Chinese are destined to turn the tables on the Tartars, so much the better; but what we have to do at the present, is the turning of the Celestial tables *simpliciter*, without reference to political parties, or to anything else. Modern writers, by way of accounting for their dulness, explain frankly that the ancients stole all their best ideas from them; and although modern philosophers are slow to admit the same fact as regards themselves, they cannot hold out against proof. One by one, our new discoveries and original inventions have been shown to be thousands of years old. Telescopes must have been directed to the stars of the antique world, or its astronomy could not have existed; * Alexander's copy of the Iliad enclosed in a nut-shell could not have been written without the aid of the microscope; the gem through which Nero looked at the distant gladiators was nothing else than an opera-glass; steam—railways—mesmerism—hydropathy—all were familiar to the long by-gone generations of the earth; guano was an object of ancient Peruvian trade; and Hobbs borrowed his lock from the tombs of Egypt. And we have much to do still in the way of rediscovery. The malleability of glass, for instance—the indelibility of colors—and fifty other things of importance, dropped by the ancients into the stream of time—we have to fish up anew.

The last "original" things with us are Table-turning and Spiritual Manifestations. Original!—these have been known in China at least from the days of Laou-tee, and he was an aged man

* The Emperor Shan, 2225 B.C., 'examining the instrument adorned with precious stones which represents the stars, and employing the movable tube which is used to observe them, put in order what regards the seven planets.'—Ancient Chinese Chronicle, quoted in Thornton's "History of China."

when Confucius was a youth—between five and six centuries before the Christian era. In the last file of the North China Herald, there is an account by Dr. McGowan of the existing formula; and from this it appears that the treatment of the tables is somewhat different in the Flowery Land from what is practised with us. The directions usually given, he says, are "to place a couple of chopsticks at right angles across a mortar, or bowl filled with water; and upon these, the tables turned upside down. Four children are then called in, and to each a leg is assigned, on which one hand is gently laid, while the other seizes the free hand of a companion—thus forming a circle. Nothing now remains to be done but the reading of an incantation by the "medium," which may be thus rendered:—

Heaven! entreat heaven for power;
Earth! Entreat earth for power;
Left green dragon; turn to the left;
Right green dragon; turn to the right.

If you fail, I'll call Yellow Ling, Duke of Space, to bring his horserhip to flog you till you scamper right and left.

Soon the table begins to heave with emotion, and then becomes revolutionary, carrying the lads along with increasing velocity, until whirled off the axis.

The doctor, however, being a scientific man, was not to be abused by the mere poetical parts of the ceremony; and he determined to try the experiment without having recourse to either right green dragon or left green dragon. He called in some little boys from the street, and directing them to rest their hands gently on the legs of a table reversed and adjusted according to rule—only the vessel being without water—he awaited the result. The boys, it should be said, did not form the magic circle by joining hands. In a few minutes the table showed symptoms of sensitiveness; it became uneasy; a struggle appeared to be going on; but soon all this was at an end, and off it set in its involuntary revolution, spinning round and round, accompanied by the boys as fast as their legs could carry them, till it suddenly dashed off its axis, carrying away with it some portion of skin from the shin of one of the urchins.

The Rapping-system, as practised in China, has likewise its poetry, though of a less refined nature than that of the table-turning, the green dragons being substituted by a certain Miss Fan-k'ang, who, if we may judge by the locality she inhabits, is not the most agreeable of the elfin race. Her services are summoned chiefly at the beginning of the year, by those who are anxious to know what fortune they are to meet with in the new cycle of time. "A girl," says Dr. McGowan, "is sent with a lighted candle and incense-sticks, to worship among the cloacas, holding a rice-basket for conveying the filthy elf, whose presence she invokes, into the house; and who, it is said, never declines attending. The basket is placed on a table, by the side of two small wine-cups inverted, and separated a few inches. The cups are used as rests for the ends of a chopstick, on which a rod is balanced, which completes the preliminaries. The "medium"

now asks: "If so-and-so, or myself, is to be successful this year, knock twice; if otherwise, knock three times"—whereupon a see-saw motion of the rod takes place, until the end strikes or "raps" the table either twice or thrice." The Fan-k'ang Kú-niáng, it appears, never fails to answer in this way—the rod always raps the table; but either the spirit has no extraordinary divining power, or no great reliance is placed on her veracity, for the prediction is never turned to any practical account.

But although Miss Fan-k'ang fails sometimes, this is never the case with the manifestations of the Kwei, ghosts or demons which are made in writing, and in a much more curious way than the medium manages it in the West. Such ceremonies, we have conjectured above, are at least as old as Laou-tse; but in point of fact, the invocation of spirits was ancient in his time, and he is supposed to have endeavored to bring the world to a purer system. His writings, however, are so obscure, that his followers gave them all sorts of wild and extravagant meanings; and the consequence was, that the doctrine of the Taou, or pure reason, was converted into the very gospel of demon-worship. The Taoists introduced order into the heretofore chaos of the spiritual world, distinguishing gradations of rank, and establishing formulae for the invocation of each order of spirits. They became magicians, astrologers, and high chemists. They discovered mystical books, as authoritative as that of the Mormons, in mountain-caves; and the transmutation of metals, the phenomena of mesmerism, the fortunate islands, the draught of immortality—all in turn kindled the imagination of China, long before these ideas began to dawn upon the mind of Europe.

Although Dr. Macgowan, however, takes no notice of the history of Spiritual Manifestations in China, we are indebted to him for an account of the way in which the more important of them—those delivered in writing by the agency of the Kwei—are managed. The table is sprinkled equally with bran, flour, dust, or other powder, and two media sit down at opposite sides, with their hand placed upon the table. A hemispherical basket, of about eight inches diameter, such as is commonly used for washing rice, is now reversed, and laid down with its edges resting upon the tips of one or two fingers of the two media. This basket is to act as the penholder; and a reed or style is fastened to the rim, or a chopstick thrust through the interstices, with the point touching the powdered table. The ghost, in the meantime, has been duly invoked with religious ceremonies, and the spectators stand round awaiting the result in awe-struck silence. The result is not uniform. Sometimes the spirit summoned is unable to write, sometimes he is mischievously inclined, and the pen—for it always moves—will make either a few senseless flourishes on the table, or fashion sentences that are without meaning, or with a meaning that only misleads. This however, is comparatively rare. In general, the words traced are arranged in the best form of composition, and they communicate intelligence wholly unknown to the operators. These operators are said to be not

only unconscious but unwilling participants in the feat. Sometimes, by the exercise of strong will, they are able to prevent the pencil from moving beyond the area it commands by its original position; but in general, the fingers follow it in spite of themselves, till the whole table is covered with the ghostly message.

The communications received in China from Hades are always curious, but in no other way satisfactory. "Soon after our arrival in Ningpo, in 1843, ere the port was opened for trade, such a wonderful impulse was suddenly given to the custom that it could only be compared to the prevalence of an epidemic: there was scarcely a house in which it was not practised for a season almost daily. The cause of this remarkable revival of an old custom not generally observed, could not be ascertained; but its subsidence, after a short period, was explained by the amount of mischief occasioned to those who followed, or confided in the communications from Hades, and by the complaint that little real advantage ever accrued from this form of divination. More recently, a club of literary graduates were in the Pau-teh-kwán, a Taoist temple, near the temple of Confucius, for practising the Ki, as the ceremony is called; and many and marvellous are the revelations told of the "spiritual manifestations" which they elicited. It was continued for a long time, until the arrival of an intendant, who disapproved of the demonolatry. He addressed the party as a friendly adviser, urging the discontinuance of such practices, on the ground that he had never known any good, but considerable evil to result from them. His counsel was followed; and since that time, this sort of divination has been tried only occasionally, and by individuals."

Here is an instance, however, in which the manifestation seems certainly not intended to injure or mislead. The anecdote was received by Dr. Macgowan from a Christian preacher: "A Mr. Li, in the village of Man-shan, near this city, enjoyed the reputation of being remarkably successful in consulting spirits. Our informant Chin, formed one of a party which had determined to test Mr. Li's skill. It was agreed that the spirit should be requested to write a prescription for the wife of one of their number, then confined to bed with sickness. Two boys, who had no knowledge of what information the party desired, were called in to hold the basket. In a little time, the table was filled with characters, in which the diagnosis and treatment were clearly expressed—of course according to Chinese notions of pathology: the whole when copied was shown to the practitioner in attendance, who declared it to be perfectly correct; displaying thus, it must be confessed, a degree of magnanimity which native doctors never show their confrères in the flesh." The same Mr. Li, however, was less fortunate a few months ago, when he thought fit to make public a revelation he received from the Kwei on the subject of a new pretender to the throne of the empire. Three of the invoking party have been beheaded, and Mr. Li himself is now in hiding, and in imminent danger of becoming one of the Kwei himself. In such ceremonies the Chinese, like their bre-

thren of the West, sometimes invoke the ghosts of particular persons. In Morrison's Dictionary, it is mentioned that in the year 1814, a deposed officer of government was condemned to death for publishing an answer he had received in this way from the spirit of Confucius. The crime does not seem, according to our ideas, to merit so severe a punishment; the answer merely recommending that the emperor should worship by deputy, instead of personally at the tombs of his ancestors; and that the title of emperor should be taken from the demigod Kwan-ti. These ideas, however, were considered to involve the most daring impiety.

The only portion of the above relations that has any mystery for us, instructed as we now are, is what appertains to the feats of the Kwei. A single medium might write, just as he does with us—or rather did—unconscious of the source whence he derived the fancied inspiration; but how two individuals, taken suddenly and by chance, could hit upon the same inspiration, is more difficult to understand. Perhaps the explanation is—that when the more easily impressed mind of the two commences, the other medium looks on with curiosity, and is too much engaged in watching the result to act independently. We

have said that some of the Chinese ghosts cannot write. The reason is, that they were all originally men, and learn no new accomplishments in the spiritual world. For our part, we should look with suspicion upon an ignorant ghost; but in China death is no passport to knowledge, or to anything else agreeable or advantageous. There, in fact, the dead depend for their very subsistence upon the living. Money, clothing, food, horses, carriages, are sent to them periodically by their descendants, in the form (with the exception of food) of painted and gilded imitations of those things burnt to their names; and wo to the defunct who has left no son, or other representative, to attend to his comfort on the other side of the grave! In that case, the wretched shade must starve till the next annual Feast of the Dead, which the charitable Buddhists prepare for the benefit of such destitute ghosts. We have only to add further, in explanation of descriptions that are not very intelligible as they stand, that while the Shin or beneficent spirits, are the ghosts of good men, the Kwei, or demons, are those of bad; which accounts for the fact that any trafficking with the latter is always perilous to the imprudent inquirer.

From the New Monthly Magazine.

A ROYAL FAMILY IN DISTRESS.*

THE more remarkable events that signalized the revolution of July, by which the elder branch of the Bourbon dynasty lost the throne, and more especially the combats which took place in the streets of Paris, have been described over and over again with almost tedious minuteness. Dr. Véron takes us during the same eventful period into the interior of the palace, where incidents occurred of a less public, but not less interesting, description.

The 26th of July, the day when the ordinances appeared in the *Moniteur*, the king hunted in the wood of Rambouillet. He only returned to St. Cloud at nine in the evening, when he gave audience to the Prince de Polignac—the last, till the insurrection had gained the victory.

Tuesday, the 27th, was passed at St. Cloud miserably enough, receiving all kinds of contradictory news from Paris, but every one tending to depreciate the real danger for fear of being set down as an alarmist. As to the king himself, he had promised M. de Polignac that he would not act without the consent of the ministry, and he kept his word. He took nothing upon himself of his own free will.

Wednesday, the 28th, the firing in the streets was distinctly heard at St. Cloud—the tri-colored flag was seen at mid-day on the towers of Notre Dame, but it was almost as soon taken down again. Some preparations were made for the defence of the palace. The Duke of Ragusa

was appointed commander-in-chief. The company of Luxembourg was ordered from the Quai d'Orsay to reinforce the company of Noailles, already at St. Cloud. The *Cent Suisses* were stationed at the palace, at the gates of Paris, and in the garden of the Trocadero.

The same day M. de Peyronnet, minister of the interior, appeared in the salons of St. Cloud in his ministerial costume. "How did you manage," he was asked, "to get through the insurrection in that gold-laced costume?"—"Oh, it is nothing," replied M. de Peyronnet; "it will be all over this evening."

But a clever, honest functionary, one whose conduct during this eventful crisis is said to have been deserving of all praise, spoke in very different terms to the king. "You exaggerate the evil," said the king to him. "I so little exaggerate, sire, that if in three hours' time your majesty does not treat with the insurrection, the crown it bears will no longer be on its head." This functionary was M. le Baron Weyler de Navas, steward to the military home of the king.

As events proceeded, news became rarer at St. Cloud. The gates of the city were no longer easily passed, the suburbs were in insurrection, nothing was heard but firing of muskets in every direction, and this only diminished towards evening from want of ammunition. The Duke of Ragusa had declared the capital to be in a state of siege; the ministers remained permanently sitting in the Tuileries. Despatches were sent occasionally to the king, who communicated their contents to no one. In the evening Charles X. sat down to his usual game of "wisth." The garrison of St. Cloud had been strengthened by

* *Memoires d'un Bourgeois de Paris. Par Le Docteur L. Veron. Tome Troisième.*

the company of Gramont from St. Germain, and that of Havre from Versailles.

Thursday, 29th, the firing recommenced; the insurrection was gaining in strength; the Louvre was attacked. The king after mass reviewed the pupils of Saint Cyr, who came with their field-pieces to assist in the defence of Saint Cloud. The same day the Duke of Ragusa and the ministers, driven out of the Tuileries, took refuge at the same place. At this crisis the dauphin was appointed to the chief command. The prince mounted his horse to meet the battalions of the royal guard that were retreating by the wood of Boulogne. He spoke to them in words of encouragement, and even of affection, but he was received with marked coldness. "Give us bread—give us bread, your highness," was all the veterans could say. "For three days we have been fighting without a crust of bread." Such was the want of foresight and arrangement at a crisis of such serious import.—The Duke of Ragusa, who is understood to have been all along unfavorably disposed towards the ministerial measures which brought about this crisis, had at his first interview with the king entreated that orders should be given for the distribution of 20,000 rations of bread and meat to the regiments of the guard.

"Hocquart," said the king to his chamberlain, "the guard is dying of hunger for now three days; twenty thousand rations of bread and meat must be served out."

"Twenty thousand rations, sire!" exclaimed Count Hocquart; "I have only two hundred rolls for your majesty's service."

Charles X. manifested, it is said, a certain amount of personal spirit on the occasion. "I do not intend to get into a cart like Louis XVI," he remarked to M. de Mortemart, "but to mount my horse." Everybody attributed the mishaps which had occurred, to M. de Polignac. The valets and attendants could scarcely be induced to attend to his wishes. So manifest was this feeling at dinner, that the princess wept, and M. de Polignac and his lady left the table before dinner was over. The same day the prince was dismissed the ministry, M. de Mortemart named in his stead, and the ordinances recalled. The court became so reassured by these measures, that the usual game of whist was made to relieve the routine of the evening.

The Duke of Mortemart is said to have accepted the post of prime minister with as much ill-will as the Duke of Ragusa undertook the defence of Paris. When M. de Sémonville first announced this fact to him, "Nonsense!" he exclaimed, taking two or three steps backwards; "never. I do not accept; I am just come.—What can I do in this wasp's nest?"

Friday, the 30th of July, the combat had ceased in the capital, but it still continued in the direction of Chaillot, Neuilly, and the wood of Boulogne.

The same day, at ten in the morning, a chaise with two post-horses was seen traversing the suburb of Montrouge. Montrouge, like all the other suburbs, was in arms. Guards were stationed on all the approaches, and every newcomer was questioned as to what was going on.

Great anxiety existed on account of the reported advance of a Swiss regiment from Orleans. It was even said to be already at Etampes.

A chaise and post-horses naturally aroused great curiosity. No sooner had the vehicle entered the suburb than it was surrounded. The travellers were asked whence they came, where they were going, and what they had heard and seen on the road. One of the party replied, that they were at the end of their journey, and that they came themselves to make inquiries, and to ascertain how things were going on. At their own request they were shown to an inn, in which they were allowed to take up their quarters.

These travellers were the Duke of Chartres, General Baudrand, M. de Boismilon, and M. Uginet, afterwards controller-general of the house of King Louis Philippe.

At this time a very general excitement prevailed. Opinions were much divided, and the presence of the Duke of Chartres might have given rise to serious disturbances. In order to prevent such, M. Leullier, mayor of Montrouge, determined to give information to the provisional government of the arrival of the Duke of Chartres, at the same time that he offered the prince every possible attention. He even told the prince what steps he was about to take, and the latter recommended him to direct his letter to General Gerard. The letter was accordingly entrusted to M. Uginet and an officer of the national guard of Montrouge, who started at once for the Hotel de Ville.

M. Leullier prevailed upon the prince to quit the hostelry in which he had sought refuge, and repair to his own house. When M. Leullier went into the room where the Duke of Chartres was, he was on a bed in a citizen's dress. He at once accepted M. Leullier's invitation, and rose up, accompanied by M. de Boismilon and General Baudrand. The latter took from under the bed the uniform and arms of the prince, which had been secreted there, and wrapped them up in his mantle.

The report soon spread throughout Paris that the Duke of Chartres was at the house of the Mayor of Montrouge. Some said that he came to take the part of Charles X., that his regiment was following him, and argued that his person must be seized and held as a hostage; others said he ought to be made to ride at the head of the combatants of July, so as to cut short all doubts as to the attitude which it behoved him to assume. M. Leullier had great difficulty in keeping the crowd tranquil, and signs of hostility were frequently very manifest.

This lasted for some hours, which appeared all the longer from the many contradictory rumors that were afloat, and which were well calculated to cause much anxiety to the prince. Between four and five o'clock the answer of the provisional government arrived.

It was General Lafayette who wrote: "In the absence of General Gerard, I answer M. the Mayor of Montrouge, and I feel certain that General Gerard would not have answered otherwise."

"The revolution which is taking place has for its object to establish the liberty of the people

and of individuals, without exception, with regard to the family of Orleans. It remains with the Duke of Chartres to determine whose part he intends to take."

The Duke of Chartres returned to his regiment.

The same evening an important event occurred, the details of which are little known. The Duke of Ragusa, offended at being superseded as commander-in-chief by the dauphin, had reserved to himself the control of the royal guard, and having prevailed upon the king to grant two months' pay to the troops as an indemnification for their loyalty, he bade the paymasters and sergeant-majors repair at once to the offices of M. de la Boullerie, general steward of the civil list, to obtain the promised gratuity. M. de la Boullerie, who had no effects, went to complain to the dauphin of the unpleasant position in which he had been placed. The dauphin, irritated that such a step should have been taken without even consulting him, summoned the marshal into his presence that very evening, between eight and nine o'clock, when the duke made his appearance.

"Marshal!" said the dauphin, "what do you mean by the order which you gave this morning, for a gratuity to be paid to the guard, and that without communicating with me? Do you forget that I command?"

"No, your highness; but as major-general of the guard on the king's service, I took the orders of the king from his own person."

"You do not acknowledge, then, the order which named me generalissimo; you disavow the king's authority?"

"No, your highness; but the power which I exercise here, I also hold it from the king."

"Ah! you dare me! To show you that I command, I order you in arrest."

Surprised and irritated, the marshal shrugged his shoulders. The dauphin then added:

"Do you mean to do with us as you have done with others?"

The Duke of Ragusa answered with dignity that the calumny could not reach him. The dauphin, infuriated, threw himself upon the marshal's sword, seized it by the hilt, and endeavored to draw it out of the scabbard. The marshal, in attempting to replace it forcibly, involved three of the dauphin's fingers, and hurt them so much that the blood flowed. The dauphin then called for assistance; the Count de Champagne, who was in attendance in an adjoining room, came in.

"Let the marshal be arrested; bring in the body-guard."

Eight soldiers and a sergeant took away the marshal through the *salle des Cent Suisses*, and led their prisoner to his apartments. In order to comprehend how annoying was this proceeding, it must be mentioned that a battalion of the royal guard was on service in the court traversed by its general, and that a squadron of lancers of the guard, forming the marshal's escort, were bivouacked in the same court, the horses being fastened to the windows of his private apartment. An officer of the guards, perceiving what had taken place, went into the sa-

lons which were lighted up as usual for the evening party of whist, and ordered all the lights to be put out. At the very moment the Duchess of Berry, accompanied by two ladies, came in, and inquired if the king was not going to play that evening.

"No, madame," answered the officer, "the Duke of Ragusa has been arrested."

"Is he a traitor?" asked the duchess. It was the marshal's fate to be unjustly suspected by every one.

When the king learnt what had taken place, the Duke of Luxembourg was at once deputed to raise the arrest under which the marshal had been placed.

"Marshal," he said to him, "the king restores to you that glorious sword which you will still use in the service of his majesty."

"No," the duke replied; "I will not take back that sword—I will be tried by a council of war."

Somewhat soothed by the duke, the marshal consented, however, after a time, to resume his sword, and to visit the king in person.

It was not without great persuasion on the part of the latter that the marshal consented to meet the dauphin. When he did so, the dauphin made the first movement towards him, and said, "Marshal, let us forget the past; you were in the wrong in issuing orders without my knowledge, and I was too hasty and passionate; I am punished, look!" and he showed him his wounded hand.

"Monseigneur," replied the marshal, a deal of blood has been shed in Paris; I should never have thought I should have shed yours in St. Cloud."

The marshal then bowed and withdrew; but after the interview he would give no more orders. The dauphin, who could not act without the advice of an experienced staff-officer, had also to give up his command. Thus it was that, at a moment of so great a crisis, the royal guard found itself without a chief.

On Friday night the dauphin induced the king to leave St. Cloud. He did not, however, take his departure till one o'clock on the morning of Saturday. The king was on horseback, as was also the Duchess of Berry disguised in man's attire, in order the more effectually to defend her children. On approaching Versailles at break of day, the Marquis of Verac came out to meet the king, and inform him that the town was in the hands of the insurgents and national guards, so that they were obliged to turn off to Trianon. Such was the dearth of provisions, that, in order to procure meat, they were obliged to slaughter the milch cows attached to the latter place. At eleven o'clock the same morning the flight was continued to Rambouillet where the royal party arrived at ten o'clock at night. There was the same dearth of provisions here, and in order to supply the royal table, the king ordered a general *battue* of the forests. In the unskillful execution of these orders, a gendarme was shot in the leg, and a ball went through the hat of another. The same day M. Poques, aide-de-camp to General Lafayette, who had come with a body of insurrectionists to watch the proceedings of the royal

party was wounded by one of the royal guards, and made a prisoner.

On Monday, the 2nd of August, M. de Berthois, aide-de-camp to the Duke of Orleans, arrived with the intelligence that the duke had been nominated lieutenant-general of the kingdom. The king gave his sanction to his nomination, and as a further sequence, gave in his abdication, and that of the dauphin, in favor of the Duke of Bordeaux. This was done on the 2nd of August, in the hope that the chambers convoked for the 3rd of the month would recognize the legitimate claims of the elder branch in the person of Henry V. This act accomplished, the king assumed the garb of a civilian, and in the evening introduced the Duke of Bordeaux to the royal guard. When, however, on the 4th instant, a deputation arrived bearing intelligence of the nomination of the younger branch of the Bourbons to power, in the person of Louis Philippe, Charles X. disavowed the proceedings of the chambers, and resumed all the insignia of royalty. There were still 14,000 men around the king, but in want of even the common necessities of life. A project was discussed for retiring upon Tours and beyond the Loire, and rousing up the Vendée; but the news that Tours had declared in favor of the insurrection caused this plan to fall to the ground.

The insurgents were in the mean time advancing upon Rambouillet, in a fashion peculiar to insurgents, "*en omnibus, en fiacres, en coucous*." They were said to have amounted to some 5000 in number, commanded by General Pajol. Marshal Maison is said by M. Véron to have exaggerated the army in omnibuses and cabs to 60,000 to the king, who upon this retreated to Maintenon, and that at a moment when his 14,000 men of the guard could have dispersed their doughty assailants in a few moments. The Duke of Noailles has published an account of the temporary residence of the royal family at Maintenon. It was there that the king finally dismissed the *Cent Suisses* and the royal guard, and only retained the body guard in his service, and they accompanied him to Cherbourg. As Louis Philippe since expressed himself, under similar circumstances, Charles X. is reported to have said, "I do not wish for a civil war in France, or that French blood shall be shed on my account."

From Maintenon the retreat was continued to Dreux, where M. Odillon Barrot, one of the commissioners of the assembly sent to watch over the proceedings of the fallen dynasty, had to harangue the people to obtain even the respect due to misfortune. The 5th of August they slept at Verneuil; the 6th at Laigle; the 7th at Mellerant. The royal party seems to have travelled slowly and hesitatingly. The 8th and 9th were spent at Argentan. The king even attended mass at the cathedral. Two field pieces which had hitherto formed part of the escort, were left here, as was also a closed carriage, in which were hid Madame de Polignac and her children. They afterwards effected a safe embarkation from Valognes.

Each day the king left the town in which he had slept in a carriage, but no sooner a mile or two without the walls than he got on horseback,

and rode till within a similar distance of the next station. The order in which the procession marched was as follows:

First, an advanced guard, consisting of two companies of body-guards; next the carriages of the princes; in the first the Duke of Bordeaux with his governor, two under governors, and M. de la Villate, his first valet-de-chambre; next mademoiselle with her governess, and the Baroness de Charette; then madame with her squire, her *chevalier d'honneur*, and the Countess de Bouille; in the fourth carriage the dauphiness with Madame de St. Maur; the dauphin on horseback, with two esquires; lastly, the king in his carriage, with the captain of guards on duty, and Marshal Duke of Ragusa on horseback. The procession was closed by another company of the body-guard.

Thus, in pompous yet sorrowful procession, did the fallen dynasty pursue its way by Condé sur Noireau, Vire, Saint Lo, Carentan, and Valognes, nearly the whole length of ancient Normandy.—As they passed through the towns nothing was to be seen but tri-color flags and cockades. In some the aspect of the people was so hostile as to excite a certain anxiety, but at length Cherbourg was attained. Here the unfortunate family had to traverse the streets amid a silent but sympathizing population. A. M. Thomas had arrived from Paris bringing a sum of 600,000 francs for the support of the royal family in a foreign country. The *Great Britain* and the *Charles Carroll* received the refugees and their followers. An affecting scene took place when the body-guard asked to take leave of the king and princesses.—Marshal Maison, deputed by the assembly to protect the royal family on their departure, was also admitted to a farewell audience. He said, "That in accepting the mission which had been entrusted to him he wished to give the king a last testimony of devotion and gratitude." "The less said about that the better," replied the ex-monarch. No sooner were the anchors up, than the admiral, Dumont d'Urville, inquired of the ex-king where he wished to be taken to? "What! am I not a free agent?" inquired the latter. "I have orders," the admiral replied, "to take Charles X. wherever he shall express it his wish to be conducted, saving Belgium or the islands of Guernsey and Jersey." "In that case," said the king, "take me to Spithead, and after that come to anchor off Cowes."

From the Tribune, 19 Sept.

THE LATE DR. PATTERSON of Philadelphia, whose death we recorded last week, was one of the illustrious scientific characters who have given, since the time of Franklin, such a reputation to that city and the country at large. The successor of Franklin, Du Ponceau, and others, as the President of the American Philosophical Society, Dr. Patterson held the most eminent position among the learned world in Philadelphia; and for many years President of the Mint, his peculiar fitness for the place raised him above the ordinary proscriptions of party and the force of the rotation of official places. In private life he was

one of the most popular of men, and his house noted for his hospitalities. The following short biographical notice from the *Philadelphia Inquirer*, will give a partial idea of the extent and quality of his services to science and art.

Dr. Patterson was born in Philadelphia in 1787—the son of Dr. Robert Patterson, a distinguished Professor in the University of Pennsylvania, Director of the Mint, and President of the American Philosophical Society, from whom he inherited the talents and predilections which raised him also to the same honorable places. He graduated as a physician, at the University, at an early age, and continued his medical studies, for several years, in Paris and other parts of Europe. Returning to this city in 1812, with the intention of practising his profession, he was diverted from it by an immediate appointment to the Professorship of Natural Philosophy in the Medical Department of the University, and soon afterward to that of Mathematics and Natural Philosophy in the Classical Department. At the age of twenty-seven, he was also elected to the Vice-Provost's chair. During the war, at the time that the attack of the British was threatened on Baltimore, in 1813, Dr. Patterson was called, by the Committee of Safety of that city, to lay out and superintend the construction of the fortifications—a duty which he so ably performed as to win a public vote of thanks. For fourteen years Dr. P. remained in the University, fulfilling the duties of his chair with eminent success. During this period he directed his attention to various kindred objects, and had the honor of being one of the founders and most active and efficient officers of the Franklin Institute—the first institution of its nature in this country. His tastes, however, were not restricted to exact science, or to the arts only akin to it. In 1820 he established, with others, the Musical Fund Society—also the first of its class in the United States, and now a rich and flourishing institution. Of this, Dr. Patterson was, for many years, the President. His earliest and most earnest affections, however, were with the American Philosophical Society, to which he was elected just as he attained his majority, continuing through life one of its leading members. He was elected Vice-President and, in 1845, President, as successor to Mr. Du Ponceau. He declined the office, however, his modesty refusing precedence of his senior, the late eminent Dr. Chapman, who was accordingly chosen to fill the vacancy. On the death of Dr. C., Dr. Patterson was again elected to the head of this most venerable of American scientific associations. In 1828, he had been called from the University of Pennsylvania to that of Virginia, accepting in the latter the chair of Natural Philosophy. After seven years' service in that post, he was tendered, by President Jackson, the Directorship of the United States Mint in this city—a place which he continued to hold under every subsequent President, until, owing to rapidly declining health, he resigned during Mr. Fillmore's Administration. Among other positions held by Dr. Patterson, indicative alike of the respect in which others held him, and of his own worthy aims, were those of President of the Pennsylvania Life Annuity Company, and Vice-President of the Pennsylvania

Institution for the instruction of the Blind. The mere enumeration of these offices is an index to the character of Dr. Patterson's mind, the extent of his acquirements, and the elevation, purity, and humanity of his tastes. Various as were the objects of his attention, whether simple science, the liberal arts, or benevolence, his devotion to all was alike earnest and laborious. His impulses were for good alone; and the purpose which, on an instant's reflection, engaged his sympathies, was pursued for years with untiring conscientiousness. All who have been associated with him, in the institutions we have mentioned, can bear testimony to his scrupulous fulfilment of every duty, not only imposed but even implied by any connection. The manners of Dr. Patterson were worthy of his fine intellect and excellent heart: at once dignified, cheerful, and winning. His presence and pursuits were most happily consonant in illustrating the conception of a true Christian gentleman—one equally serving and adorning society.

From the New Monthly Magazine.

THE FAIR PROSPECT.

FROM THE DANISH. BY MRS BUSHBY.

FROM his infancy he had loved the sea, with its restless waves; the dark blue ocean, with its white sails; the idea of a sailor's pleasant life pervaded his very dreams. During the winter months he was satisfied to go to school, and learn to read and write; but in summer, when the soft wind stole with its balmy breath through the windows of the schoolroom, he used to fancy that it brought him greetings from the adjacent sea—that it came fraught with the odor of the sun-bleached deck, of the tarry rope, of the swelling sail—and then the schoolroom became too confined for him, and his little breast heaved with a longing which he could not repress.

All his holidays were spent at the quays, or on the sea-shore; when a ship arrived from some foreign land, he would gaze at it with longing eyes, and he would wish it were not speechless, that it might tell him of the magnificent clear moonlights, on which the tropical skies and the dreamy ocean seemed to unite, and form one wide and bland expanse; or of the dark stormy night on which the tempest, resting on its breezy pinions, broods over the foaming sea. Oh! how he envied the careless, sunburnt sailors, who looked down from the gunwale, or hung apparently in frolic mood, amid the yards above!—who could be so happy as they, to skim over the sea with only a slender plank beneath their feet, with the white sails outstretched like wings above their head!

When it became late in the evening, he would saunter slowly and sorrowfully homewards to the small, confined house in the suburbs of the town, where his mother, who had, perhaps, just finished her day's hard work, would meet him with gentle reproaches for staying out so long. When he had then assisted her to bring in the heavy pail of water, to stretch the somewhat blackened ropes in the court, and prop them up with

long sticks, to water the flowers in the little garden, and the pots of balsam and geranium in the window; and when their simple supper was finished, it was his delight to place himself on a low wooden stool at his mother's feet, while she knitted, and listen to the stories she told him of his poor father, who had gone far away and had never returned. Vivid were the pictures the good woman drew from the magic-lantern of her memory. Now, it was of her maritime wedding—with the two waving Dannebrog flags—the numerous smartly-dressed sailors, with their short jackets, white hats, and red pocket-handkerchiefs, each with his sweet-heart on his arm; now, of the day when his father came home from a voyage, and found him—the boy—in a cradle, a welcome gift on his arrival; now, of the dreadful hour when the owner of the ship sent for her, and she was informed in a few cold words, that her husband had died out on the wide ocean, had been wrapped in his hammock, and lowered into the deep. The stories always ended here, with the widow's tears, but the boy would sit lost in deep thought, and would follow in his imagination the sinking hammock with his father's corpse down beneath the blue, blue waves, lower and lower, into the darkening abyss, until he became giddy from his own fancies.

Sometimes his mother was not at home; then he always fixed his gaze upon a miserable little picture which hung against the wall, and which represented a brig in full sail. He would fancy himself standing beneath its broad canvas, and waving his farewell to the land; or, he would steal into the recess of the window, and please himself by imagining that he was in the cabin of a ship, and that the white curtain which hung in the window, and was slightly agitated by the wind, was the flapping of the sails in a storm. His little head would at length droop and rest against the window-sill; whilst sleep closed his eyes, and permitted him to continue in dreams his fancied voyage.

One day—a bright sunshiny day—he was strolling along the edge of the harbor wall, gazing at the ships, and chatting now and then with the seafaring people. His little white hat had fallen back, and rested awry upon his curly head, as the poor boy jumped and played about, his shirt sleeves tucked up and without any jacket. How happy he was when the sailors bade him run an errand for them, or, what was better still, help them to move or lift anything. As he wandered farther and farther on, he came upon a large ship that was lying close to a wharf, and taking in its cargo. The boy stood long opposite to it, and looked attentively upon it. That strange, mysterious feeling in the human mind which arises at the sight of the place where our death-bed is to be, or our coffin is to rest, prompted him to exclaim, "How quiet, how peaceful it is here!" Though he thought—unknowing of the future—that his grave would be under some shady tree, yet in contemplating the scene before him, he felt that it was cool, and fresh, and inviting to repose. It was with a peculiar and undefinable sensation that his eye wandered over the newly-tarred hull of the ship—around which the glancing waves were lightly sporting

—up the supple mast till it rested on the pennon at its top. The busy crew went backwards and forwards, to and from the vessel, which appeared to be nearly ready for its approaching voyage; and the master stood upon the deck, issuing commands, and superintending everything.

The boy ventured nearer and nearer: with earnest looks he watched everything on board, and everything seemed to be familiar to him in some dream of the past—everything, from the nicely-painted, half-open cabin-door, to the dog that rattled its chains whenever any of the sailors passed it. The captain at length came forward, and, as he leaned over the gunwale, his scrutinizing eye fell upon the boy, who as steadily gazed at him. For a time they stood thus—both silent. At last the captain said:

"What do you want here, boy? Are you waiting for any one?"

"No; I am only fond of seeing ships, sir," was the boy's answer; as he took off his little white hat, and twirled it about in his hand.

"To whom do you belong?" asked the skipper.

"My mother supports herself by her labor, sir," replied the boy, "and my father lies out yonder;" he pointed towards the ocean. "I also should like to go to sea; but my mother says I am too little yet. Do you think, sir, I am really too little?" he added, with an arch, insinuating smile, as he looked up into the captain's eyes.

"Well, well, perhaps not," said the master of the vessel. "Do you know anything about a ship?"

How happy was the boy at that moment; with one bound he was at the side of the captain, and he proceeded with sparkling eyes and flushed cheeks to name to him all parts of the ship; there was not a sail, not a rope, not a topmast unknown to him, and the master's looks followed him with approbation and good will.

"I am bound to the Brazils," said he; "would you like to go with me? But it is a long voyage, and the weather is not always good."

The boy's answer was a cry of joy; he seized the skipper's hard hand and pressed it to his soft cheek; but suddenly his gladness was checked.

"My mother!" he exclaimed, sorrowfully.

"We will go to her," said the captain, as he laid aside his pipe and took his hat.

Next day there was a fresh and stiff breeze, but the wind was fair, and the good ship *The Fair Prospect*, bent its way out of the harbor under full sail: it was going to the Brazils, far away beyond the wide, wide ocean, and many a month must pass before its anchor would again drop amidst the waters that laved the shores of the dear native land. But—"Away, into the world away!" came wafted on the joyous breeze;—"Be of good cheer!" smiled the gay, bright sun;—"Farewell—forget me not!" whispered the rolling waves;—and high up amidst the masts hung the exulting ship-boy, while he waved his little red cap, and wept from mingled feelings of grief and joy.

How many remained upon that shore in untroubled tranquillity! They only felt that they were obliged to be stationary, and would never see all the beautiful, the grand, and the wonder-

ful things that the vast world has to display. But among them stood the loving mother, who had no joy on earth but him who had just left her—and in deep sorrow she concealed her tearful countenance. "Dear mother, farewell!" he breathed upon the air; but she could hear these, his parting words. Yet he felt as if his heart would have burst from his breast, and flown to her. And surely she knew this. Did she not feel that there were some sad, tender, affectionate thoughts from him who was gone, following her to her humble home, to her deserted rooms, to the empty little couch, on which she cast herself in an agony of grief? Alas! how many anxious nights would she not have to pass in that lonely cottage, now terrified by frightful dreams, now startled from her troubled sleep, by the howling and uproar of the midnight storm!

One was terrible to listen to. It was a night in spring; but the heavens were black and threatening, so that all was darkness around. The tempestuous clouds chased each other wildly through the skies, and cast their gloomy masses from one part of the heavens to another; the moon shone forth every now and then for a moment, as if in derision of its own impotence, and when its straggling beams then glanced in through the small windows, they seemed for one second to gleam upon the floor, merely to vanish again. The low house shook: the tiles fell from the roof with a loud crash into the little court below; the doors swayed back and forwards as if moved by invisible hands; and the wind absolutely roared in the chimney.

The mother lay awake in her little chamber; she sat up in her bed, clasped her hands, and cried in her agony of spirit, "Oh, my dear, dear child! where are you this fearful night?" Then she looked at his bed, which had so long stood empty. How willingly she would have cheated herself into the idea that all was a dream, and that it really was his fair little head she saw resting on his pillow! but it was fancy—only fancy—for no living form was there! There were none to speak one word of comfort to her; no human being near to console her; she raised her thoughts to heaven, and prayed to God to spare the life of her child in that terrific night; she prayed that she might once more be allowed to fold him in her arms, and earnestly did she further pray—alas! for a mother's heart—that if he must die, his death struggle might be brief!

And where was the boy while these anxious prayers were ascending to heaven on his behalf? Behold! yonder on the vast wild sea, where the tempest is lashing the waves into mountains, flies the slight bark with the lightning's speed! The subordinate has become the master; the wind, that but lately managed by the sailor's art wafted their vessel gently along, has suddenly burst forth in its might, and in its wanton fury assails them from every point. The heavens are darkened, and the sea casts up billows of foam. Now the ship seems engulfed by the raging waters; now borne aloft as if it were about to career in the air. Yet on these frail planks, which seem to be but as a toy to the elements, there is a will stronger than theirs. See how every stitch of canvas disappears from the towering masts!

Look at the fearless, determined countenance of the man who holds the rudder in his strong grasp! See how boldly, how firmly yon sailors tread upon and hang among the swaying yards above! Oh, slip not, slip not! for ye hold life and death in your hands; place cautiously the searching foot; turn the swimming eye from yonder raging deep. Hark! what a frightful blast of wind! It seems to come howling from afar, then rolls with a hollow sound over the foaming waves. The ship trembles from stem to stern, and, as if battling with the ocean, it swings first to one side, then to the other, and then it seems to rise and ride triumphant over the heaving billows. In its lightness lies its only hope of safety.

But what is that which has fallen from the maintop-sail yard down into the sea beneath? The bubbling foam conceals it for a moment, but it rises to the surface. From a break between the dark heavy clouds the moon casts a solitary ray, mild as a compassionate smile. It is the boy—the boy who loved the blue billows so much—he has fallen into their wild embrace, and they like him too well to give him up again. In vain do anxious fates bend over the side of the ship; in vain are ropes cast out; the small hands fight but a feeble battle for life; the fair curly head, over which his unseen mother's prayers and blessings are at that moment hovering, raises itself once more in the pale moonshine; but the struggle is soon over. Some few undefined thoughts flit through his soul; he fancies that he hears his mother's voice. Yes, peace be with you, child! She is praying for you at your hour of death. And he sinks down—down—calmly beneath the waves. The subsiding tempest chants his requiem, the moon sheds a farewell ray upon the spot where he sank, and the grave has closed over the sea-boy's corpse! The war of the elements is over, and the ship glides peacefully into its destined harbor.

From the New Monthly Magazine.

ANECDOTES OF EARTHQUAKES.

BY AN OLD TRAVELLER.

If my own mother earth, from whence I sprung,
Rise up, with rage unnatural, to devour
Her wretched offspring, whither shall I fly?

Some say the earth
Was feverous, and did shake.

THERE are few sensations more startling and unpleasant than that which is occasioned by even the slightest of those movements of the earth's surface to which we equally give the name of *earthquake*, whatever may be the degree of their intensity, or the nature of their effects. Our imperfect knowledge of the causes which produce them, and of the laws of nature by which they are regulated, increases our alarm; and as we have no sure warning of their approach, and are their helpless victims when they come, we may be thankful that they are not of more frequent occurrence. They are fearful in every way; for where they have once been destructively felt, they leave an impression as to the possibility of

their return, which, at times, comes disagreeably across the mind, even in our moments of enjoyment.

A writer, whose work was noticed last month,* speaking of Lisbon, says: "Some traces of the great earthquake still remain; here and there a huge windowless, roofless and roomless mass, picturesque by moonlight, but saddening by day; fearful memento of wrath, stands to tell the tale of that terrible convulsion. Slight shocks are continually felt, and when I was in Lisbon, about five years ago, were so unusually powerful, that some fear was excited lest a recurrence of this calamity were imminent. The Portuguese have a theory, that nature takes a hundred years to produce an earthquake on a grand scale, and as that period had nearly elapsed, they were frightened in proportion. At Naples one cannot but be conscious that the city is built over "hidden fires;" on one side is the ever active Vesuvius, and on the other the Solfatara, and an evident communication exists between them. Hot springs and steaming sulphur poison the air everywhere; but at Lisbon no such signs exist; here is nothing but a soil prolific beyond measure—no streams of lava—no hills of calcined stones, thrown up 1500 feet in one night (as the Monte Nuovo, near Naples)—no smoking craters—no boiling water struggling into day. Still the belief that Lisbon will again be destroyed by a similar throe of nature is prevalent, and perpetuated year after year by the recurrence of slight shocks."

In treating of earthquakes, we cannot seek our materials in the remoter periods of history.

It is remarkable that in the records of the Old Testament there are only, I believe, three passages in which they are mentioned. One of them is part of the well-known description of the appearances attending the revelation of the Almighty will to Elijah. The others refer to the one event of an earthquake in the days of Uzzi-ah, King of Judah—not quite 800 years B.C.; and from the language in which it is alluded to, we may infer that such convulsions were then of unusual occurrence.

It is in comparatively modern times that

The old
And crazy earth has had her shaking fits
More frequent.

When they are mentioned by the classical writers of antiquity it is generally without any detailed notices of their phenomena, and in connection with other incidents.

Thucydides speaks of their frequency in Greece during the Peloponnesian war, and—in one instance—describes their more remarkable effects;—chiefly the destruction of life and buildings occasioned by inundations on the coast; and he modestly suggests, that "in his own opinion" the shock drives the sea back, and this suddenly coming on again with a violent rush, causes the inundation; "which, without an earthquake," he thinks "would never have happened." But he mentions the more noticeable fact, that at "Pepa-

rethus there was a retreat of the sea, though no inundation followed."

Inscriptions have been found in temples both at Herculaneum and Pompeii commemorating the rebuilding of these edifices after they had been thrown down by an earthquake, which happened in the reign of Nero: sixteen years before the destruction of the cities themselves by the eruption of Vesuvius. Yet there is no other account of such an event extant; and the indifference of the ancients in recording them is shown in the fact that even the appalling fate of these cities was only incidentally alluded to till Dion Cassius wrote his fabulous and exaggerated description, about 150 years after their destruction had taken place.

We are constantly reminded, however, of the frequency of such phenomena. The route through Italy, for instance, from Sienna to Rome, is marked throughout by great volcanic changes; and it is not very difficult to believe the tradition that the whole of the Bay of Naples is formed by one extensive crater.

In many instances the ingenuity of man has converted even these fearful ruins into sources of wealth. Without speaking of the well-known commerce in sulphur and other articles, from Naples and Sicily, I may mention that, amongst the mountains of Tuscany, the Count de Larderel has applied a process to the preparation of boracic acid, which is described in the Jurors' Reports of the Great Exhibition of 1851 as amongst "the highest achievements of the useful arts." The vapor issuing from a volcanic soil is condensed; and the minute proportion of boracic acid which it contains is recovered by evaporation in a district without fuel, by the application of volcanic vapor itself as a source of heat. The substance thus obtained greatly exceeds in quantity the old and limited supply of borax from British India, and has extended its use in improving the manufactures of porcelain and of crystal.

In every country where organic changes so violent and extensive have occurred, there must have been earthquakes equally violent; for though it is possible that some of these phenomena have been produced by electricity alone, yet we are so often able to connect them with volcanic action that we must consider this as the most frequent, if not the only cause with which we are at present acquainted. We are reminded also by an eminent writer, to whose "Principles of Geology" I shall elsewhere refer, that in volcanic regions, though the points of eruption are but thinly scattered—constituting mere spots on the surface of those districts—yet the *subterranean* movements extend simultaneously over immense areas. Those mere tremblings of the earth so common in South America are probably connected with eruptions in mountain-ranges that have never yet been explored. It does not advance us *very far* in our knowledge of the subject to assume that both volcanoes and earthquakes have a common origin; which often produces movements of the earth even unattended by volcanic eruption. As far as we can trace their connection, this is most probably the fact; but there may be other causes which have still to be discovered.

* Hither and Thither.

An able writer in one of the early volumes of the *Edinburgh Review*—while denying the theory that volcanic explosions are caused by “the eruptions of a central fire, occupying the interior of the earth,” and while showing that the lava thrown out by these convulsions could not be so produced—admits that substances in a state of fusion may exist, which by the action of water pouring from above, or by the irruption of the sea, “might produce earthquakes, with furious emissions of gases and steam.” Lyell gives his reasons, based upon electro-chemical influences, for attributing them to a similar cause. In his “Geology of the Countries visited during the voyage of H. M. S. *Beagle* round the World,” Darwin supposes that, in Chili, there is a subterranean lake of lava of nearly double the area of the black Sea, and “that the frequent quakings of the earth along this line of coast are caused by the rending of the strata, which is necessarily consequent on the tension of the land when upraised, and their injection by fluidified rock.” But it is useless to theorize. In the present state of human knowledge, earthquakes are a description of phenomena of which we can merely record the facts.

One of the most remarkable earthquakes of antiquity of which we have any account was contemporaneous with the battle of Thrasimene, and was alluded to, incidentally, by Livy as showing the ardor of the fight. The passage is translated by Lord Byron. “Such (he says) was their mutual animosity, so intent were they upon the battle, that the earthquake which overthrew in great part many of the cities of Italy, which turned the course of rapid streams, poured back the sea upon the rivers, and tore down the very mountains, was not felt by any of the combatants.” We may repeat the description in Lord Byron’s verse:—

And such the storm of battle on this day,
And such the phrensy whose convulsion blinds
To all save carnage, that, beneath the fray,
An earthquake roll’d unheededly away!
None felt stern nature rocking at his feet,
And yawning forth a grave for those who lay
Upon their bucklers for a winding sheet;
Such is the absorbing hate when warring nations
meet.

The earth to them was as a rolling bark,
Which bore them to eternity; they saw
The ocean round, but had no time to mark
The motions of their vessel; nature’s law,
In them suspended, rock’d not of the awe
Which reigns when mountains tremble; and the
birds
Plunge in the clouds for refuge, and withdraw
From their down-toppling nests; and bellowing
herds
Stumble o’er heaving plains, and man’s dread hath
no words.

The event to which these passages refer, occurred, it will be remembered, 217 years B. C.

Upon the earthquakes which marked the consummation of our Saviour’s mission, I feel that this is not an occasion to dwell.

The next of which we have any record was in the seventeenth year of Christianity, when twelve

cities of Asia Minor were almost simultaneously destroyed.

Of those which, in the year 365, ravaged nearly the whole of the Roman Empire, we are told that “in the second year of the reign of Valentinian and Valens, on the morning of the 21st day of July, the greatest part of the Roman world was shaken by a violent and destructive earthquake. The impression was communicated to the waters; the shores of the Mediterranean were left dry by the sudden retreat of the sea; great quantities of fish were caught with the hand; large vessels were stranded; and a curious spectator (Ammianus) amused his eye, or rather his fancy, by contemplating the various appearance of valleys and mountains, which had never, since the formation of the globe, been exposed to the sun. But the tide soon returned with the weight of an immense and irresistible deluge, which was severely felt on the coasts of Sicily, of Dalmatia, of Greece, and of Egypt; large boats were transported and lodged on the roofs of houses, or at the distance of two miles from the shore; the people with their habitations were swept away by the waters; and the city of Alexandria annually commemorated the fatal day on which 50,000 persons had lost their lives in the inundation. This calamity, the report of which was magnified from one province to another, astonished and terrified the subjects of Rome; and their affrighted imagination enlarged the real extent of a momentary evil. They recollected the preceding earthquakes which had subverted the cities of Palestine and Bithynia; they considered these alarming strokes as the prelude only of still more dreadful calamities, and their fearful vanity was disposed to confound the symptoms of a declining empire and of a sinking world.” In speaking of the similar convulsions which occurred about the year 526, the same historian observes, “that the nature of the soil may indicate the countries most exposed to these formidable concussions, since they are occasioned by subterranean fires, and such fires are kindled by the union and fermentation of iron and sulphur.” (We do not stop to question the correctness of his theory.) “But their times and effects (he continues) appear to lie beyond the reach of human curiosity, and the philosopher will discretely abstain from the prediction of earthquakes till he has counted the drops of water that silently filtrate on the inflammable mineral, and measured the caverns which increase by resistance the explosion of the imprisoned air. Without assigning the cause, history will distinguish the periods in which these calamitous events have been more or less frequent, and will observe that this fever of the earth raged with uncommon violence during the reign of Justinian.” (It was of the close of this reign that he was writing.) “Each year is marked by the repetition of earthquakes of such duration that Constantinople has been shaken above forty days, of such extent that the shock has been communicated to the whole surface of the globe—or, at least of the Roman empire. An impulsive or vibratory motion was felt: enormous chasms were opened; huge and heavy bodies were discharged into the air; the sea alternately advanced and retreated beyond

its ordinary bounds; and a mountain was torn from Libanus and cast into the waves, where it protected as a mole, the new harbor of Botrys in Phœnicia. At Antioch its multitudes were swelled by the conflux of strangers to the festival of the Ascension, and 250,000 persons are said to have perished."

To the many who—unsatisfied with any briefer manual—study at once both facts and language in the pages of Gibbon, I ought to apologize perhaps, for having made extracts so long from a work so easily accessible. As we approach nearer to our own times these convulsions continue frequent: and the discovery of America opens a new source of materials to swell the mournful history. It would be a painful and useless task to trace them in all their details. The disappearance of entire cities was not an unusual occurrence, and as many as 40,000 persons have perished at once. Seaports have been swallowed up by the advancing waters, and the whole of their population drowned. In China, too, the records of these calamities carry us back to 1333; when there was a succession of shocks which continued for ten years; destroying its capital and multitudes of its crowded population.

If I had to refer to sources of more ample information, I should say—as may easily be anticipated—that the best history of these phenomena, and the most philosophical views as to their effects, with which I am acquainted, are to be found in the works of Sir Charles Lyell. Few, however, of the events he mentions throw any new light upon their causes, and I shall merely notice—from these and several other authorities such of them as were attended with the most remarkable circumstances.

In 1759 there were destructive earthquakes in Syria; and at Balbec alone 20,000 persons are said to have perished. In 1783 Guatemala, with all its riches, and 8000 families, were swallowed up; and every vestige of its former existence obliterated. The shocks felt in Calabria in the same year continued to the end of 1786, and extended over an area of 500 square miles. Deep fissures were produced; houses engulfed; new lakes formed; buildings moved entire to considerable distances; 40,000 persons perished at the time; and 20,000 more died from various consequences. A fourth of the inhabitants of some of the towns were buried alive. For some instants their voices were heard and recognized, but there was no means of saving them.

The earthquakes of Chili, in 1835, are chiefly noticeable from their having occurred during the voyage of the *Beagle*, and from their phenomena having thus been observed more scientifically than usual. But their more obvious effects in the destruction of entire towns;—in the appearance of valuable merchandize, fragments of buildings, and articles of furniture (which had been carried away by the advancing and retiring waters) still floating along the coast;—and in the sad sight of structures, the labor of generations, crumbled in a moment into dust,—are also ably and strikingly described. "Shortly after the shock, a great wave was seen from the distance of three or four miles, approaching in the middle of the bay with a smooth outline; but along the shore it tore up

cottages and trees, as it swept onwards with irresistible force."

There were some incidents worthy of remark attendant upon an earthquake which took place in Antigua in 1843. Owing to its having occurred early in the forenoon, when few people were in the houses, there was very little loss of life; but the destruction of property has rarely been more extensive. There was scarcely a building upon the island that was not thrown down or seriously injured. Of 172 sugar mills only 23 remained capable of being worked; and of these not half had escaped damage. The walls of the cathedral (which was large enough to contain 1800 persons) fell, in crumbling masses; and the roof, which still held together, rested upon them like a huge cover. In the open country, trees were seen to rise and descend vertically, several times, during the continuance of the vibrations.

Many of these convulsions, and in various parts of the world, have produced extensive and permanent changes of surface. This was particularly the case, more than once, during the first half of the present century, in different parts of Chili. At Valparaiso two entire streets were constructed on what was before the bottom of the sea; and the permanent alteration of level is conjectured to have extended over 100,000 square miles. The writer, from whom I have before quoted, thinks that the effects of these changes is eminently beneficial; and that they constitute an essential part of that mechanism by which the integrity of the habitable surface of the world is preserved, and the very existence and perpetuation of dry land secured.

But after all that has since occurred, the most popularly-remembered of such events are still the earthquakes at Jamaica in 1692, when its loftiest mountains were torn asunder, and its finest harbor sunk, in a moment, into the sea;—those in Sicily, the following year, when Catania and 140 other towns and villages, with upwards of 100,000 persons were destroyed;—the fearful calamity at Lisbon in 1755, when 60,000 persons perished in about six minutes; and when many of the survivors would have perished also, but for the timely aid of British charity; and, lastly, the earthquakes which preceded the eruption of the Souffrière at St. Vincent in 1812.

It is because I myself witnessed some of the phenomena connected with these events, and because there were atmospheric circumstances not very dissimilar from those attendant upon the slight shocks which were not long since felt in England, that I have been induced to gather my recollections upon the subject, and to mix them up with the contents of my note-books.

I was then residing on the southern coast of North America. The close of the previous year was accompanied, in those climates, by some remarkable phenomena. We may pass over the appearance of a comet and an eclipse of the sun as merely coincident, and witnessed in common with other countries. In addition to these, the small island where I was staying was completely deluged by one of those inundations of the sea that occasionally occur in tropical climates about the time of the autumnal equinox; and, except-

ing a space considerably less than a quarter of a mile, the wide waters of the Atlantic, and the mainland at some distance, were the only objects upon which the eye could rest. This inundation had scarcely subsided when the city of Charleston (my next place of sojourn) was visited by a tornado more dreadful in its extent and effects than any in the memory of its inhabitants. The wind, which had been for some days light and variable, had shifted on the 8th to the north-east; and, blowing very fresh through the night, it continued in the same quarter all the day and night of the 9th. During the whole of this time there was an almost uninterrupted fall of rain; and on the morning of the 10th the wind blew with increased violence. About ten o'clock it shifted to the south-east, and soon after twelve it suddenly became calm. A heavy rumbling noise, resembling the sound of a carriage rapidly driven over a pavement, was then heard, and a tornado extending only about one hundred yards in width, passed like lightning through a considerable section of the city, involving alike the habitations and inhabitants that were within its course in instant destruction. Proceeding up the harbor, the first object it struck was the flag-staff of one of the forts, which could have offered little surface of resistance, though of more than ordinary strength and thickness. This was snapped in a moment; and, with equal ease, houses of considerable size were not merely unroofed or injured, but completely overthrown like the playthings of an infant. Large beams of wood, and masses of lead and iron, were carried for several hundred yards and nearly buried in the walls of other buildings; yet so confined was its operation to a particular current, that corners and parts of houses were taken off, as cleanly as if divided by some mechanical instrument, and the remainder of the buildings were left uninjured. About twenty lives were lost, some of them under remarkable circumstances. A lady was, with her sister, on a bed in an upper apartment when the tornado was approaching. The noise so alarmed a negro girl, her attendant, that she sought refuge under the bed upon which her mistress was lying. A stack of chimneys that had been struck, falling upon the roof, forced its way through the house to the ground, precipitating the floors along with it.—The bed fell with them; the ladies (who were nearest the falling roof) escaped without injury; but the negro girl beneath was crushed to death. In another instance, a young female, who was attending her dying mother, was carried by the hurricane from the room in which she sat and dashed against a building at a very considerable distance; the bed of the invalid remaining in its place. In the interval between this calamity and the concussions of the earth (the first of which occurred on the 16th of December), various meteors and balls of fire of different sizes and appearances were observed. One of them, of a magnitude calculated to excite alarm, was seen by spectators who were a hundred miles asunder on the evening of the 21st of November, moving with great rapidity in a south-west direction.—It illuminated the ground and the surface of the waters as if a torch of burning matter had been passing over them, and was conjectured (though

it must have been vaguely,) to have been about ten or fifteen feet in diameter. The season was unusually warm. Large apples, the produce of second crops, were seen in November; and on several plantations there were second crops of rice, which had not occurred for forty years. It may also be remarked, that there was considerably less thunder during the year 1811 than usual; the number of days which commonly, in those climates, averages sixty, having only amounted to thirty-eight. Sir Charles Lyell considers many of these phenomena

(Fires from beneath, and meteors from above)

as, generally, the accompaniments of the convulsions which followed.

On the morning of the 16th December, about three o'clock, the first shock of earthquake was felt. It awoke me, and was said to have been preceded by the usual rattling noise. Being unapprehensive of such an event, my first impression was that the house was falling, and the cracking of its timbers strengthened me in this impression. When I had reached the ground-floor, however, (and the noise having subsided,) I began to be doubtful how far I might be under the influence of some mental delusion; and, returning to my bed, I found it rocking from the effect of a second shock; and a third and fourth a few minutes before and after eight o'clock, left me perfectly certain as to the cause of what had occurred. From this time to the 11th of February fourteen distinct shocks were felt, their duration from twenty seconds to two minutes; with one exception, when the tremor did not entirely subside for seven minutes.

The motion was generally from east to west; but it was not uniform. In December it appeared to be undulating; in January violent and irregular; and in February it seemed similar to a sudden jerking to and fro of the earth's surface. As far as our observations extend, vertical movements on such occasions appear to be less destructive than horizontal; and if this (says Lyell) should generally be the case, the greatest alteration of level may be produced with the least injury to cities, or existing formations. Even between the concussions which I have been describing, a tremor was frequently perceptible, and light pendulous bodies were then in a state of continued vibration. The motion during the severer shocks was sufficiently violent to break the glasses in picture-frames hanging against the wall, and the pavements in several of the streets were cracked. Many persons, also, found it difficult to preserve themselves from being thrown down; and the guard, stationed in one of the church steeples to look out for fires, gave notice to the men below that it was falling. The sky was generally, though not uniformly, dark and hazy, sometimes tinged with red, and the atmospheric changes were frequent and unusual. The shock of the 7th of February was attended by a noise like distant thunder, and that of the same evening was accompanied by a sound like the rushing of a violent wind, and with some sharp flashes of lightning.

The thermometer at eight o'clock on the eve-

ning of the 15th of December was 52 deg., and the barometer 30 deg. 45 min. The following morning, when the first shock took place, the barometer continued the same, but the thermometer had sunk to 46 deg. The last of these awful visitations was a slight tremor on the day following the more distant and fatal calamities to which I am now about to refer.

In our case they passed away without a single instance of serious personal injury, or of destruction of property; but, unaccustomed as the inhabitants had been to anything of a similar nature—for there was no well-authenticated account of an earthquake having been felt in this part of America since its first discovery—the consternation and alarm were very considerable. A proclamation was issued by the governor of the state, appointing the 11th of March as a day of humiliation, religious reflection, and prayer; and a tone of seriousness and pious feeling was for a long time perceptible where it had previously seldom existed.

The phenomena which I have been attempting to describe were experienced, in a greater or less degree, from the shores of the Carolinas to the valley of the Mississippi, during the three months which preceded the destructive earthquakes in Venezuela, and which were followed by the eruption of the Souffrière in St. Vincent.

On the 26th of March the earthquakes in Venezuela commenced with a severe shock, which destroyed, in little more than a minute, the city of Caraccas, together with the town of Lagaira and the neighboring villages, and 20,000 persons either perished with them or were left to a lingering death amongst their ruins.

I have not adverted to the horrors attending the earthquake at Lisbon. They were repeated at the destruction of Caraccas; and we need not dwell more than once on details so painful.

For those which follow, I am indebted to a distinguished Traveller who had visited Caraccas before its ruin, and had afterwards carefully collected and compared the descriptions given by persons who had witnessed the fearful event.

"The air," he says, "was calm, and the sky unclouded. It was Holy Thursday, and a great part of the population was assembled in the churches. Nothing seemed to presage the calamities of the day. At seven minutes after four in the afternoon the first shock was felt; it was sufficiently powerful to make the bells of the churches toll; it lasted five or six seconds, during which time the ground was in a continued undulating movement, and seemed to heave up like a boiling liquid. The danger was thought to be past, when a tremendous subterranean noise was heard, resembling the rolling of thunder, but louder and of longer continuance than that heard within the tropics in time of storms. This noise preceded a perpendicular motion of three or four seconds, followed by an undulatory movement somewhat longer. The shocks were in opposite directions, from north to south, and from east to west. Nothing could resist the movement from beneath upward, and the undulations crossing each other. The town of Caraccas was entirely overthrown. Between 9000 and 10,000 of the inhabitants were buried under the ruins of the houses and church-

es. The procession (usual on Holy Thursday) had not yet set out; but the crowds were so great in the churches that 3000 or 4000 persons were crushed by the fall of their vaulted roofs. Some of these edifices, more than 150 feet high, sunk with their pillars and columns into a mass of ruins scarcely exceeding five or six feet in elevation, and ultimately left scarcely any vestige of their remains. A regiment under arms to join the procession was buried under the fall of its barracks. Nine-tenths of the town were entirely destroyed. All the calamities experienced in the great catastrophes of Lisbon, Messina, Lima, and Riobamba, were renewed on this fatal day. The wounded, buried under the ruins, implored by their cries the help of the passers-by, and nearly 2000 were dug out.

Implements for digging and clearing away the wreck were entirely wanting; and the people were obliged to use their bare hands to disinter the living. The wounded, as well as the sick patients who had escaped from the hospitals, were laid on the banks of the small river Guayra. They had no shelter but the trees.

Beds, linen to dress wounds, instruments of surgery, medicines, and objects of the most urgent necessity, were buried under the ruins. Everything, even food, was, for the first days, wanting. Water was alike scarce. The commotion had rent the pipes of the fountains; the falling of the earth had choked up the springs that supplied them; and it became necessary, in order to have water, to go down to the river Guayra, which was considerably swollen; and even then the vessels to convey it were wanting."

An eye-witness, from whom I obtained an account at the time said, "Those who were living were employed in digging out the dead, putting them in lighters, and burying them in the sea. When it became so rough as to prevent their being taken off, they made a large fire, and began burning forty at a time. It was shocking," he said, "at the close of the day, to see heads, arms, and legs, that had remained unburnt, as the fire died away; and the effluvia was intolerable."

The moral and religious effect of these calamities (as described by Humboldt) was rather curious. Some, assembling in procession, sung funeral hymns; others, in a state of distraction, confessed themselves aloud in the streets; marriages were contracted between parties by whom the priestly benediction had been previously disregarded; and children found themselves suddenly acknowledged by parents to whom they had never before been aware of their relationship; restitutions were promised by persons who were hitherto unsuspected of fraud; and those who had long been at enmity were drawn together by the ties of a common calamity.

I am afraid that the virtue which had no purer origin would not be of long duration.

The effect upon men's minds during one of the most destructive of the earthquakes in Sicily was of a very opposite description. Amongst the poor wretches who had there escaped, the distinctions of rank and the restraints of law were disregarded; and murder, rapine, and licentiousness reigned amongst the smoking ruins;—and yet the kind of religion was in both countries

the same, and the habits of the people were not widely different. At the town of Concepcion, in Chili, in 1835, Mr. Darwin tells us of a more mixed feeling. "Thieves prowled about, and at each little trembling of the ground (after the fatal shock), with one hand they beat their breasts and cried '*Misericordia!*' and then with the other filched what they could from the ruins."

Fifteen or eighteen hours after the great catastrophe at Caraccas the ground remained tranquil. The night was fine and calm, and the peaceful serenity of the sky contrasted strangely with the misery and destruction which lay beneath. Commotions attended with a loud and long-continued subterranean noise was afterwards frequent, and one of them was almost as violent as that which had overthrown the capital. The inhabitants wandered into the country; but the villages and farms having suffered as much as the town itself, they found no shelter till they had passed the mountains and were in the valleys beyond them. Towards the close of the following month the eruption of the Souffrière in the island of St. Vincent took place; and the explosions were heard on the neighboring continent, at a distance, in a direct line, of 210 leagues, and over a space of 4000.

At the time of the earthquake at Lisbon, shocks were felt in other parts of Portugal, in Spain, and Northern Africa; and its effects were perceptible over a considerable part of Europe, and even in the West Indies. Two of our Scottish lakes (as we have all often read) rose and fell repeatedly on that fatal day; and ships at sea were affected as if they had struck on rocks, the crews in some instances being thrown down by the concussion. I am not aware of any volcanic eruption in the same year: but the great Mexican volcano of Jorullo was then accumulating its subterranean fires; and its first eruption was in 1759.

Judging from the past, we might have presumed that the movements which had been recently felt in England were not the effects, but the indications which precede some similar explosion.—So far (early in 1854) no such event appears to have occurred; but there have been earthquakes

of considerable extent, and of a very serious character. Soon after the shocks which were felt in England, there were violent ones in some of the islands of the Indian Archipelago. An earthquake at Shiraz is said to have involved the entire destruction of the place and of its inhabitants. At Acapulco, in Mexico, the principal buildings were thrown down, and the ground opened in the public square and threw out volumes of smoke. Cumana, on the Spanish Main, was destroyed, and 4000 persons perished amidst all the horrors attendant upon similar events.—And, in Greece, the town of Thebes and its neighboring villages became heaps of ruins; the springs which supplied them with water were stopped; and the inhabitants, struggling both with privation and disease, were in a miserable state of suffering.

In our own favored land, exempt by the blessing of Heaven from so many calamities which are felt elsewhere, earthquakes have never caused destruction of property or life. Mr. Darwin speaks, with almost ludicrous exaggeration, of the disastrous consequences that would follow "if, beneath England, the now inert subterranean forces should exert those powers which most assuredly in former geological ages they have exerted." National bankruptcy—the destruction of all public buildings and records—taxes unpaid—the subversion of the government—rapine, pestilence, and famine—are to follow the first shock; but judging from the fact that, during the last 800 years, fifty shocks, at least, have been harmlessly felt, we may hope, without presumption, that we have as little to apprehend hereafter as we have previously suffered. Even with reference to their most disastrous consequences in other portions of the globe, if we compare them with the various sources of human misery, we shall agree with the historian whom I have already quoted, that "the mischievous effects of an earthquake, or deluge, or hurricane, or the eruption of a volcano, bear a very inconsiderable proportion to the ordinary calamities of war" [or to the horrors of religious persecution]; and that man "has much less to fear from the convulsions of the elements than from the passions of his fellow-creatures."

A NUT FOR THE VEGETARIANS.—Herbivorous animals are certainly more affected with tubercular disease than carnivorous. It is a fact also that butchers, who use much animal food, are seldom consumptive; and truth compels me to say that in a few cases I could distinctly connect the development of a consumption with a prolonged experiment of vegetarian diet. Unless well managed, and in very robust constitutions, vegetarianism tends to produce an excess of the albuminous element of blood and a deficiency of its fibrine, iron, and red particles, imparting a paleness and flabbiness to the tissues, a general delicacy of look, and a want of stamina and power of energetic endurance. This is a state of matters assuredly verging on the pathological condition of the flu-

ids characterizing the scrofulous constitution. Hence the necessity for caution in vegetarian experiments. Let me not be misunderstood as unconditionally decrying vegetarianism. There is much good in it—but it is capable of as great abuses, quite, as an unmixed diet. Having experimented carefully on myself for two years, with vegetarian diet, I consider myself qualified to give counsel on the subject. It will not do for all healthy people, nor as an indiscriminate recommendation to invalids. In the hands of a physician, it is a potent auxiliary of his art. But there is a time to eat animal food. The grand questions are, the measure and proportions of it—when to stop and when to recommence, and how far to go.—*Dr. Balbirne.*

From the Athenæum.

The Principles of Harmony and Contrast of Colors, and their Applications to the Arts; including Painting, Interior Decoration, Tapestry, Carpets, Mosaics, Colored Glazing, Paper-Staining, Calico-Printing, Letter-Press Printing, Map-Coloring, Dress, Landscape and Flower Gardening, etc. By M. E. Chevreul. Translated, from the French, by Charles Martel, Longman & Co.

It has always been remarked that, when a nation has been for a century or two collecting ungeneralized observations on certain laws of Nature, Providence sends the right man, at the right period, to organize these random and hitherto almost useless thoughts, and to elevate them into a science. So, for a thousand years, toiled the coral-insects at the islands of the Pacific,—and at the fitting time came the white man and took possession of them and made them a home.

The instinctive discovery of a fact precedes its scientific use. The builders of Karnak were true to nature in their chromatic decorations long before Newton had taken the rainbow to pieces, as a child would do a puzzle, and taught us the laws of color. Monsieur Jourdain could not be more astonished when his tutor told him he had been speaking prose all his life, than the village maiden would be if she were shown the profundities which her instinct is unconsciously fathoming when she matches so prettily the rose-bloom of her cheek with the sky-blue ribbon. The swallow thinks the palace roof is built to shade its nest. The child believes all nature is a mere playground:—the colored clouds veer and change to please his eye;—the blossoms are his playthings—the birds his unpaid musicians,—the brook, though it will not stop at his call, flows but to float his boat,—and those awful, undefined and shapeless creatures, Night and Day, are only his silent playmates. He gambols with the sunbeams,—he runs after the fleet shadows,—he laughs at the unceasing torrent, which typifies eternity, and smiles at death when he crushes the butterfly in his hand.

So great is instinct; and so great are the unclassified truths that it discerns. Great are the wonders that we hourly unconsciously perform,—treading angels' paths, blindly and without dread, as the sleep-walker clammers up the precipice.

It is, then, this reduction of instinct to science, that makes M. Chevreul's book useful to Art. As superintendent of the dyeing department of the royal (Gobelins) manufactories, he has a wide field for observation; and observation is the foundation of the inductive philosophy. His work, entitled "*Researches on Fatty Bodies*, and his "*Organic Analysis*," have already made him well known as a careful

and sagacious observer of natural laws. During the last twenty-five years he has delivered, alternately at Paris and Lyons, annual courses of lectures to artisans and manufacturers, "on the Contrast of Colors." Long before Newton or M. Chevreul, Titian and his school knew these laws and applied them to Art; but these great men were no more necessarily philosophers than the child, because it moves according to the strictest laws of grace, is a professor of deportment. They reached heaven and drew up their ladder after them:—it remains for us to find out a slower but a no less certain way.

It has often been a matter of surprise that while the English painters since Reynolds have been the greatest masters of color in Europe, have loved color most, and steeped their canvases oftenest in its enchantments, our manufacturers are still inferior to all their European neighbors in the application of the same laws to all other arts. On the other hand, while the French seem to dilute their pigments with liquid mud, their silks glow with the lustre of a clear air and warm sky. If Europe is inferior to Asia in its knowledge of color, England is behind France in her power of applying colors to various arts.

M. Chevreul is the first writer who has really proved and explained the influence of simultaneous contrast of colors. The generality of books on this subject are full of empirical applications of Newton's analysis of the spectrum, and are overloaded with hypothetical analogies between sound and color, as purely imaginative as any simile of the poets. The harmony of color is no longer an uncertainty, but is to be obtained by the modern manufacturer with as much certainty as it was by the builder of the Memnonium or the Alhambra. The foundation of M. Chevreul's fame rests upon this unanswerable dogma—"That every color, when placed beside another color, is changed, appearing different from what it really is; and, moreover, equally modifies the color with which it is in proximity."

It is impossible for us to give even a selection of the thousand careful experiments by which the author has arrived at his conclusions. The reason that we cannot, is the very reason that renders the 430 pages of the present book of less value than they otherwise might have been, i. e. the want of colored diagrams, without which the use of a book on color is much lessened. Perhaps one of this century's most cheering promises for the future, is the rapidity with which a scientific discovery is digested and assimilated by the European world.

These discoveries are already acknowledged in Germany and America. It remains for them to triumph in a country the greatness of whose commerce renders their application important, and the scantiness of whose uneducated taste, rather than its actual want of taste.

compels it to import its music from Italy, its designs from France. The importance of his labors and their eminently practical nature, render pardonable the slight drawback of self-glorification visible in M. Chevreul's writings. It is always Chevreul and Rumford or Rumford and Chevreul. The author has no alterations to make in a work written fifteen years ago, — which is more than most authors could say, and is hardly a subject for self-congratulation. A more modest heading to the last chapter might have been found than the somewhat pompous "*Historical Review of my Researches.*"

There is no more convincing proof of the torpor of the average mind, than the extraordinary awakening to a fresh delight felt by the new student of art. The outlines of objects before unheeded fill him with perceptions of symmetry, proportion, and harmony. He not only observes their forms, but he discerns their color; both form and color perpetually modified by momentary changes, which vary and enhance their beauty, the form varying less rapidly than the color, but still varying in its degree.

Our author's own discoveries are a singular exemplification of this, and prove him, although evidently a keen observer, originally ignorant of the truth known to the youngest artist, — i. e., that colors modify each other by antagonism or by assimilation. The Directors of the Gobelins complained to him that their black tints were deficient in vigor when employed for shadows in blue or violet draperies. M. Chevreul says: —

I found the cause of this effect to lie in contrast: for, having compared together two identical black patterns, one of which was placed on a white ground and the other on a blue ground, I observed that the latter lost much of its intensity. It was after this experiment that I recollected having several times fancied that there was a difference between two portions of the same skein, whenever one was contiguous to a color different from that which joined the other portion. Having gone, as soon as I remembered this, to the warehouse for colored wools, in the Gobelins, I proved the fact upon red, orange, yellow, green, blue, indigo, and violet skeins, and I speedily comprehended the influence of black and white on the same colors.

The ladies may thank us for the following philosophical hints for their toilettes, — all of which the unerring instinct of the desire to please implanted in their nature has long since led them, we dare say, to strictly observe: —

Red Drapery. Rose-red cannot be put in contact with the rosiest complexions without causing them to lose some of their freshness, as a former experiment has demonstrated — viz.: we were

speaking of the inconvenience resulting from the use of rose-colored linings in the boxes of a theatre. * * Dark-red is less objectionable for certain complexions than rose-red; because, being higher than this latter, it tends to impart whiteness to them in consequence of contrast of tone. — *Green Drapery.* A delicate green is, on the contrary, favorable to all fair complexions which are deficient in rose, and which may have more imparted to them without inconvenience. But it is not as favorable to complexions that are more red than rosy, nor to those that have a tint of orange mixed with brown, because the red they add to this tint will be of a brick-red hue. In the latter case, a dark-green will be less objectionable than a delicate-green. — *Yellow Drapery.* Yellow imparts violet to a fair skin; and, in this view, it is less favorable than the delicate-green. To those skins which are more yellow than orange, it imparts white; but this combination is very dull and heavy for a fair complexion. When the skin is tinted more with orange than yellow, we can make it roseate by neutralizing the yellow. It produces this effect upon the black-haired type, and it is thus that it suits brunettes. — *Violet Draperies.* Violet, the complementary of yellow, produces contrary effects: thus, it imparts some greenish-yellow to fair complexions. It augments the yellow tint of yellow and orange skins. The little blue there may be in a complexion, it makes green. Violet, then, is one of the least favorable colors to the skin, at least when it is not sufficiently deep to whiten it by contrast of tone. — *Blue Drapery.* Blue imparts orange, which is susceptible of allying itself favorably to white and the light-flesh tints of fair complexions, which have already a more or less determined tint of this color. Blue is, then, suitable to most blondes; and, in this case, justifies its reputation. It will not suit brunettes, since they have already too much of orange. — *Orange Drapery.* Orange is too brilliant to be elegant: it makes fair complexions blue, whitens those which have an orange tint, and gives a green hue to those of a yellow tint. — *White Drapery.* Drapery of a lustreless-white, such as cambric muslin, assorts well with a fresh complexion, of which it relieves the rose color; but it is unsuitable to complexions which have a disagreeable tint, because white always exalts all colors by raising their tone; consequently it is unsuitable to those skins which, without having this disagreeable tint, very nearly approach it. Very-light white draperies, such as muslin, plaited or point-lace, have an entirely different aspect. * * — *Black Drapery.* Black draperies, lowering the tone of the colors with which they are in juxtaposition, whiten the skin; but if the vermilion or rosy parts are to a certain point distant from the drapery, it will follow that, although lowered in tone, they appear relatively to the white parts of the skin contiguous to this same drapery, redder than if the contiguity to the black did not exist.

To balance this agreeable adaptation of philosophical discovery, let us give a few specimens of M. Chevreul's inductions. Speaking of simultaneous contrast of colors, he says: —

My experience tends to show that the effect is a radiating (*rayonnant*), setting out from the line of juxtaposition; that it is reciprocal between two equal surfaces juxtaposed; that the effect of contrast still exists when these two surfaces are at a distance from each other, only it is less evident than when they are contiguous; finally, that the effect exists when we cannot attribute it to fatigue of the eye.

He denies that there is a great difference in the way in which the same colors are seen by eyes of an average organization, and mentions his plan of putting all the Gobelin dyers to a test to ascertain if they have a well-formed eye, by showing them colored objects in juxtaposition, and making sure they perceive the modifications given by the law of simultaneous contrast.

Besides giving rules for harmonious arrangement of flowers, of tapestry colors, etc., M. Chevreul discusses the Gothic and Grecian use of color in architecture. Of the Moorish (the masters of all) he says nothing. He is distinctly of opinion that the Greeks used color on their finest buildings at their best period.—He says :—

In the colored drawings of Greek monuments which I have been able to procure, I have remarked not only the number of colors employed in these monuments, *white, black, red, yellow, green, and blue*, but also the use which has been made of them under the relation of *variety and purity of tint, of distinct view of the parts, and of the harmony of the whole*. In the work of the Duke de Serra di Falco upon the Antiquities of Selinonte, we see colored designs, representing the ruins of Greek temples, where the principal lines, such as the fillets of the architrave and those of the cornice, are *red*; the mutules *blue*, and their guttæ *white*; the triglyphs *blue*, their channels *black*, and their guttæ *white*; and the more extended parts of the frieze and the cornice as well as the architrave are of *light-yellow*. We see that *red*, a brilliant color, designated the greater part of the principal lines; that *blue* associated with *black*, in the triglyphs and their channels, formed an harmonious ensemble distinct from the neighboring parts; also, that the dominant color, *light-yellow*, produced a much better effect to what it would if the most intense or the most sombre colors had predominated. Finally, the colors were distributed in the most intelligent manner possible without being motley, presenting a variety and lightness in the tints, with easy separation of parts.

Against all evidence, he believes the Gothic builders contented themselves with the reflected jewellery that their windows cast. He forgets that all their walls were not windows, and that there were parts where these reflections never reached. His acknowledgment that "the vicinity of stained glass necessarily requires, as an effect of harmony, painting on the contiguous walls," destroys all that he has

before said, and at once ends the question. A more perfect instance of stale-mate we never met with in writing.

The delicate perception of beauty that the young may be trained to from the education of the sense of sight, may be gathered from the following laws of discord in the grouping of flowers :—

We must separate pink flowers from those that are either scarlet or crimson, orange-flowers from orange-yellow flowers, yellow flowers from greenish-yellow flowers, blue flowers from violet-blue flowers, red flowers from orange flowers, pink flowers from violet flowers, blue flowers from violet flowers.

The subjoined rules of taste in furniture show the pleasure that we lose from the possession of that bound genii, that unintelligible talisman, a dormant sense :—

Nothing contributes so much to enhance the beauty of a stuff intended for chairs, sofas, etc., as the selection of the wood to which it is attached; and, reciprocally, nothing contributes so much to increase the beauty of the wood as the color of the stuff in juxtaposition with it. After what has been said, it is evident that we must assort violet or blue stuffs with yellow woods, such as citron, the roots of the ash, maple, satin-wood, etc. Green stuffs with rose or red colored woods, as mahogany. Violet or blue-grays are equally good with yellow woods, as green-grays are with the red woods. But in all these assortments, to obtain the best possible effect it is necessary to take into consideration the contrast resulting from height of tone; for, a dark-blue or violet stuff will not accord so well with a yellow wood as a light tone of the same colors; and it is for this reason that yellow does not assort so well with mahogany as with a wood of the same color, but not so deep. Among the harmonies of contrast of tone that we can make with wood which we leave of the color which is peculiar to it, as ebony, its brown color permits its employment with light stuffs to produce contrasts of tone rather than contrasts of color. We can also employ it with very brilliant, intense colors: such as poppy, scarlet, aurora, flame-color, etc.

To show the ignorance of the laws of color in the men most interested in the subject, the writer mentions that he has successfully arbitrated between drapers and calico-printers who have mutually complained of breach of contract, because black figures on red cloth instead of looking black appeared green, upon violet greenish yellow, upon blue orange-brown, instead of black, as they had ordered; these changes being produced by the complementary colors of the ground.

Every color then has a certain orbit of colored atmosphere which modifies the neighboring colors, so that red fills its vicinity with its complementary green; green, red; orange, blue; blue, orange; greenish yellow, violet;

violet, greenish yellow; indigo, orange yellow; orange yellow, indigo.

Besides simultaneous contrast, the writer explains what Brewster has observed—the phenomena of successive contrast—which he thus explains:—

The left eye having seen Red during a certain time, has an aptitude to see in succession Green, the complementary to Red. If it then looks at a Yellow, it perceives an impression resulting from the mixture of Green and Yellow. The left eye being closed, and the right, which has not been affected by the sight of Red, remaining open, it sees Yellow, and it is also possible that the Yellow will appear more orange than it really is.

The following subtleties may be useful to men in trade:—

First Fact. When a purchaser has for a considerable time looked at a yellow fabric, and he is then shown orange or scarlet stuffs, it is found that he takes them to be amaranth-red, or crimson; for there is a tendency in the retina, excited by yellow, to acquire an aptitude to see violet, whence all the yellow of the scarlet or orange stuff disappears, and the eye sees red, or a red tinged

with violet. — *Second Fact.* If there is presented to a buyer, one after another, fourteen pieces of red stuff, he will consider the last six or seven less beautiful than those first seen, although the pieces be identically the same. What is the cause of this error of judgment? It is that the eyes having seen seven or eight red pieces in succession, are in the same condition as if they had regarded fixedly, during the same period of time, a single piece of red stuff; they have then a tendency to see the complementary of Red, that is to say, Green. This tendency goes, of necessity, to enfeeble the brilliancy of the red of the pieces seen later. In order that the merchant may not be the sufferer by this fatigue of the eyes of his customer, he must take care, after having shown the latter seven pieces of red, to present to him some pieces of green stuff, to restore the eyes to their normal state. If the sight of the green be sufficiently prolonged to exceed the normal state, the eyes will acquire a tendency to see red; then the last seven red pieces will appear more beautiful than the others.

These amusing facts show how injuriously a strongly and eccentrically colored picture at an Exhibition may injure that of a paler aspirant.

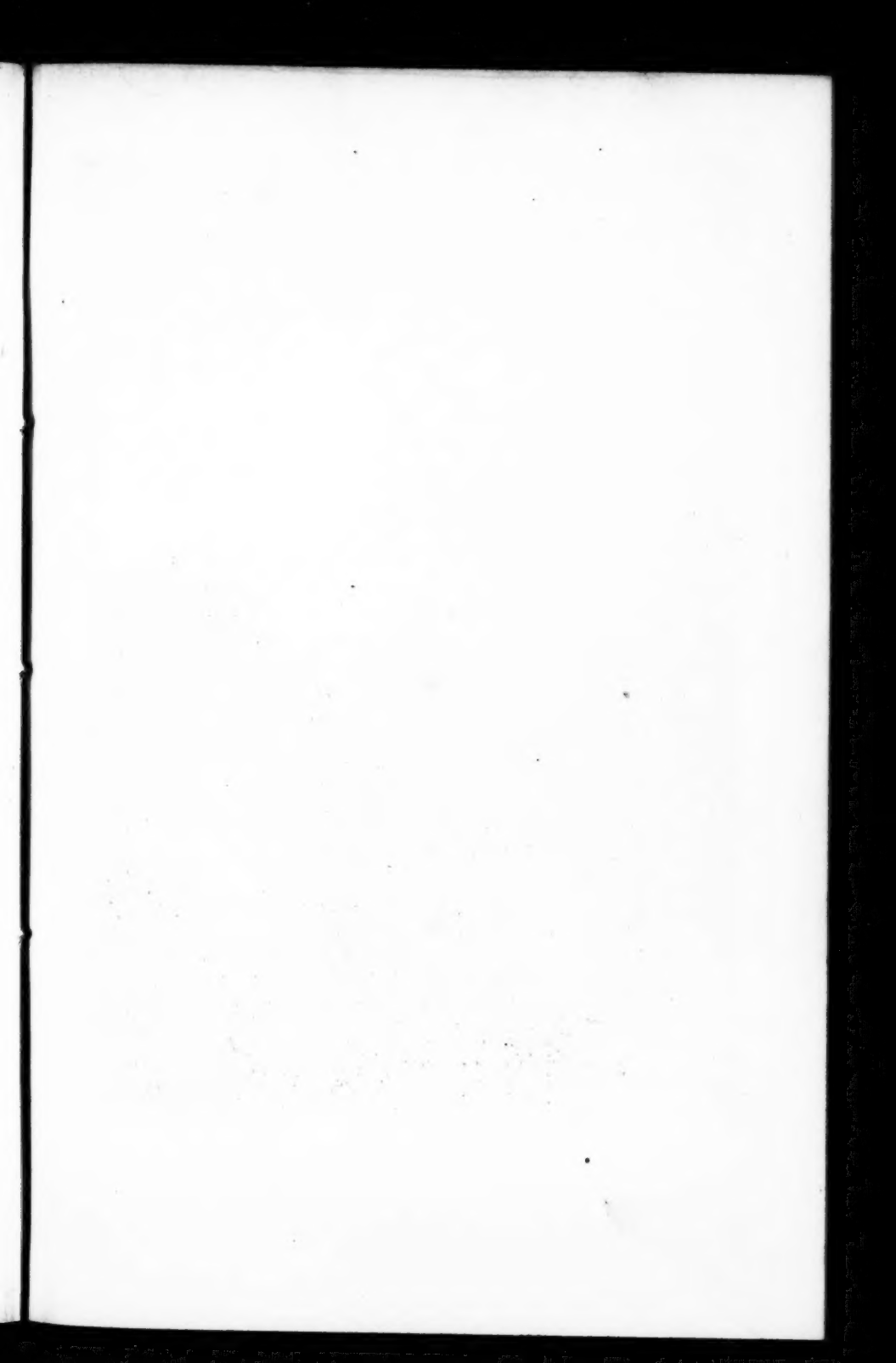
AN addition has been made to the occupations open to women which promises well. Female fingers are henceforth not to exhaust all their nimbleness in music or in their customary domestic operations. The electric telegraph solicits their assistance. In the transmission of the Queen's Speech on the prorogation of Parliament to the provinces and the continent, female labor was employed, and the whole was accomplished with unusual celerity. The girls were superintended by a matron telegrapher. Some of them, it is said, transmitted the speech at the rate of thirty-five words a minute. They sent the whole to the Continent (via the Hague) in twenty minutes. The Electric Telegraph Company deserves commendation for setting this example. Why should not women be employed in other analogous cases:—for example, in letter sorting? The persons who perform that duty at the Post Office seemed to have constituted a difficulty in the way of the improvements contemplated by the late Commissioners. Their Report does not contain any evidence that they considered the possibility of employing women in that capacity. Girls who could transmit thirty-five words a minute by electric telegraph would soon outstrip the lads whom we now employ in sorting letters. The sorting of sixty letters a minute is, we believe, the greatest feat of dexterity they can accomplish.—*Athenæum*.

NATAL COFFEE.—A very beautiful sample of coffee, grown on the farm of W. Snerdon, Esq., near the Umblanga, was shown to us the other day. The berries are as large, clean, and full as any we have seen imported. The plants are from

Bourbon seed sown not quite three years ago; they have received no great attention, but are growing with remarkable vigor. This is the first year of bearing, and yet so heavy has been the crop, that several of the branches were borne downwards with the weight. The coffee plant, it is now placed beyond doubt, grows vigorously and bears well in this district, and its rapidly increasing cultivation will, before long, tell on the market.—*Urban Mercury*.

EVIL OF RHAPSODICAL LANGUAGE.—Well has Miss Baillie said that such rhapsodies are “the language of a natural delirium, proceeding from a vain endeavor to protract, by forced excitement, the ecstasy of a few short moments, and to make that a continued state of the mind which was intended, by its beneficent Creator, only for its occasional and transient joy. Of this (she continues) we may be well assured; for if otherwise indulged, it would have rendered men incapable of the duties of social life; those duties which the blessed Founder of our religion did so constantly and so earnestly inculcate.” — *Preface to the Martyr*.

DISTINCTIONS OF PERSONS EXPRESSED IN LANGUAGES.—In the Bengalee language, an honorific pronoun is used in addressing superiors, and to inferiors they use a pronoun which indicates inferiority. The verbs also, in their terminations, receive signs of respect and inferiority. Signs of respect or of familiarity, in a language, cannot be improper; but signs which are invented on purpose to remind a person that he is an inferior being, are a blot upon every form of speech. — *Ward*, vol. i, p. 189.





H. Bibby, pinx.

J. H. Paine, sc.

Rouen.

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